

The Ellsworth American.

VOL. XLVIII.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.00 PER YEAR.
IF PAID IN ADVANCE, \$1.50.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 16, 1902.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
AT ELLSWORTH POST OFFICE. No. 29.

Advertisements.

That Insured Feeling

The feeling of security a man has when he knows his property is well insured is in itself worth a good deal. But the feeling of actual cash in hand, when disaster comes, is worth many times over what it costs. We quote you insurance rates that will touch your pocketbook very lightly. To-day is the best time to talk it over.

C. C. BURRILL & SON
Burrill Bank Bldg. Ellsworth.

We loan money at low interest rates.

We handle solid investment properties.

The GEO. H. GRANT CO.,
General Insurance and Real Estate.
ELLSWORTH and BAR HARBOR, ME.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

Summer Goods

Men's Suits From \$3.50 up
Youths' Suits From \$3.00 up
Boys' Suits From \$1.50 up

THOSE FAMOUS 5c STOCKINGS

Best value for the money ever given.

FANCY SHIRTS, from 50c to \$1.00
NOBBY PATTERNS

**FURNISH-
INC GOODS**

NECKWEAR—the latest Styles and Colors

HATS and CAPS, Latest Styles

OWEN BYRN

Great SACRIFICE SALE

The entire stock in the M. A. Drummey store, west end of bridge, is being sold

WAY BELOW COST

Here you will find everything that is usually kept in a well-equipped Grocery and Provision store. Stock up now and save dollars.

HOT WATER HEATING AND PLUMBING.

Latest improvements in both systems. First-class workmanship. Prices as low as is consistent with good work.

"CLARION" RANGES, FURNACES, STOVES.

Pearl, agate and granite ware. Crockery and tin ware. Ammunition of all kinds. Special attention given to repairing.

Main Street. **J. P. ELDRIDGE.** Ellsworth, Me.

C. W. & L. MASON, INSURANCE

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

LOWER TOLL RATES

LOCAL TOLL RATES for stations in the immediate vicinity of the Central Office have been reduced, from 10 cents to 5 cents

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

REFRIGERATORS

We keep the "Gurney" and the "Polar North Pole"—all sizes. Removable ice tank; easy to keep sweet and clean.

CHAMBER SETS

Oak, Ash, Birch—all styles and prices.

Dining Tables and Chairs in great variety.

E. J. DAVIS.

Subscribe for THE AMERICAN

WATERMELONS CANTALOUPE PINEAPPLES PEACHES

APOLLO CHOCOLATES

Fresh lot just received. In bulk, 50c; in packages from 30c to \$1.00.

SMOKERS' ARTICLES

in great variety.

CUNNINGHAM'S

L. W.

JORDAN, UNDERTAKER,

ELLSWORTH.

The more eyes an advertisement catches the more dollars it is worth.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Eastern Maine Railway Co.—Annual meeting. In bankruptcy—Est Gilbert P. Wentworth. Probate notice—Est Edwin R. Humphrey et al.
Adm notice—Est Wm I. Tarbox.
Adm notice—Est David Howe.
Exec notice—Est John A. Williams.
Great sacrifice sale.
W B Parker Clothing Co.—Clothing.
A E Moore—Dry goods, millinery, etc.
Giles & Burrill—New market.

TRENTON:

Bridge notice.
James Murphy—Horse for sale.

WEST SULLIVAN:

R F Gerrish—Specialty printer.

CHICAGO:

E C DeWitt & Co.—Kodak.

SCHEDULE OF MAILS AT ELLSWORTH POST-OFFICE. In effect June 16, 1902.

GOING EAST—6:15 7:21 (Washington Co) a m, *12:37, 4:17 and 6:11 p m.
GOING WEST—11:26 a m, *2:23, 5:31 and 10:38 p m.

MAIL CLOSURE AT POST-OFFICE.

GOING EAST—7 a m (Washington Co), 8:45, 5:30 and 10 p m.
GOING WEST—11:20 a m, *2, 5 and 10 p m.

SUNDAY.

Mail trains from the west arrive at 6:15 a m, *12:32 and 6:11 p m. Leave for the west at *2:23, 5:31 and 10:38 p m. Mail closes for the west at *2, 5 and 10 p m.

*Service by this train in effect from June 26 to Oct. 5.

Fred C. Jones is gradually failing.
Mrs. Pearl Day is visiting in Bar Harbor.
William E. Whiting was called to Boston Monday on business.

George E. Davis, of Holyoke, Mass., is in town visiting old friends.
Peck's Bad Boy is the attraction at Hancock hall to-morrow night.

Arthur Gould is studying medicine with Dr. George A. Phillips in Bar Harbor.
Dr. Harvard Greely is attending the State dental convention at Camden this week.

Miss Marie Stover, a professional nurse, of Bangor, is the guest of Miss Catherine Simonton.

F. B. Aiken, who has been quite ill for a week or more, is improving, and is out again to-day.

Miss Alice Manger, of Newtonville, Mass., is the guest of the Treats at Labrador farm.

Henry A. Campbell was cut about the knee Monday with a scythe. The wound required several stitches.

Mrs. Charles A. Cole and her son Charles R., of Pawtucket, R. I., are the guests of E. F. Robinson and wife.

J. Prescott Gage and wife, of Boston, arrived Saturday. At present they are stopping at Contention Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nichols, of Woonsocket, R. I., are visiting Mrs. Nichols' parents, Josiah H. Higgins and wife.

Walter J. Clark, jr., has opened a small grocery, fruit and confectionery store at Contention Cove, opposite P. P. Stinson's.

C. J. Treworgy is loading the schooner "Wesley Abbott" with staves from Jonesboro for New York. She will sail to-morrow.

Mrs. Minnie Pray O'Brien, of Lawrence, Mass., arrived last week to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Ella Pray.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Newman are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell, of New York city, at their cottage at Shady Nook.

Arthur H. French, of the H. B. Humphrey Co., of Boston, is spending a week with his friend Chas. E. Bellamy in Ellsworth.

Henry Day was arrested Tuesday morning for being drunk. He had a hearing this forenoon before Judge Peters. Mitimus was suspended.

The adjourned meeting of the Ellsworth board of trade, called for last Wednesday evening, was so poorly attended that no business was transacted.

Mrs. Eugene Hale is at Poland Springs for a few weeks. She was accompanied by Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, of Washington, mother of Larz Anderson.

Chief Justice A. P. Wiswell was one of the guests of the York and Cumberland county bar association which gave a banquet at Cape Porpoise last Friday.

Fulton J. Redman, son of E. F. Redman, of Pawtucket, R. I., is here for the summer, the guest of his uncle, J. B. Redman. He spends most of his time at Jolly farm.

O. R. Burnham has moved his stock of boots and shoes from his Main street store, which is now closed, to his general store on State street, corner of Sterling.

Abbie B., widow of F. A. Dutton, of Boston, is in Ellsworth visiting among her many relatives here. At present she is the guest of her brother, A. M. Hopkins.

Jerry T. Giles returned Friday from a trip to California, where he had been to inspect some mining property in which he and other Ellsworth men are interested.

The Usona club, the latest addition to Ellsworth's family of social organizations, will give a dance at Odd Fellows hall Thursday evening, July 24. Music by Monaghan's orchestra.

The roof of the foundry caught fire last Friday afternoon while casting was going on. The fire department responded quickly to the alarm, but their services were not needed. A few pails of water put out the blaze.

On account of the death of Isaac T. Smith the Unitarian picnic to be held at Camp Comfort, Green Lake, will be postponed until Friday, July 15. Those intending to go will leave on the eight o'clock train

and may purchase tickets at the station from Mrs. Welch, Miss Belcher and Mr. Coar. Price of tickets for members of Sunday school 25 cts., for members of parish and friends, 35 cts.

The tennis grounds on Hancock street are being put into shape; the old club is being reorganized and a revival of the sport among the tennis cranks is likely soon to rival the interest that is being manifested in baseball.

Hancock hall is to have a new drop curtain. Dearborn and Pluffe will do the work. In the centre of the curtain will be an owl's head with advertisements of business men around the edges. The advertisers pay for the curtain.

Howard Winthrop Young, of East Orange, N. Y., died at Mt. Pocono, Pa., June 28, at the age of twenty-five years. Mr. Young was a grandson of the late Thomas Dudley Jones, at one time one of the prominent men of Ellsworth.

Mrs. Henry Whiting arrived in Ellsworth last Thursday afternoon, and will spend the summer among relatives here. She was accompanied from Boston by her son, Henry Whiting. At present she is with her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Cushman.

The baseball temperature is gradually rising. Ellsworth declares itself ready to play Franklin for a purse, and Franklin sends back word that it is ready for the fray. A meeting of the two clubs on some neutral ground may be looked for in the near future.

James L. Merrick, department commander G. A. R., will visit Wm. H. H. Rice post next Monday evening, July 21. A full attendance of the comrades is requested. The ladies of the W. R. C. are invited to meet with the post at that time.

That accomplished young soprano, Miss Mabel Monaghan of Boston, formerly of Ellsworth, who will be favorably remembered by the Lewiston and Auburn concert goers, before whom she has appeared with success several times, has been engaged to sing in concert at Camden, on Wednesday, July 30, under the auspices of the Epworth League of that place. —Lewiston Journal.

Harry L. Crabtree and his mother, Mrs. Julia A. Crabtree, have moved to Oak Farm, their summer home at East Surry, to reside during the hot weather. Mrs. Crabtree's daughter, Mrs. Charles P. Libby, of Limestone, arrived last Tuesday with her two children, and will spend the summer with them at Oak Farm.

Frank H. Brimmer, a former Ellsworth boy, now of Minneapolis, Minn., arrived here Saturday, and will remain some weeks. Dr. Brimmer is a successful dentist in his western home. He left Ellsworth in 1879, and has been back to his old home but once, nineteen years ago. His many friends are glad to greet him.

Friends of Rev. and Mrs. Albert J. Lord will be interested to learn that they are the happy parents of a nine and one-half pound boy, born last Sunday. Mrs. Lord's parents, Hosea B. Phillips and wife, are with them in Hartford, Mr. Phillips arriving there Saturday. Mrs. Phillips has been with her daughter for some weeks.

P. Bresnahan has begun the erection of a building on the site of the old Cushman store on Franklin street which was destroyed by fire Jan. 9. The building will have two stories on the first floor. The upper floor will be fitted as an annex to the Franklin house, of which Mr. Bresnahan is proprietor. Frank R. Moore is the contractor.

Negotiations for the establishment of a hardwood factory in Ellsworth are still in progress, but have not yet been consummated. There is at this writing every reason to suppose that they will soon be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. As soon as satisfactory assurances can be given that lumber of the kind and in sufficient quantity is available, the deal will doubtless be closed.

Mr. Halman has advised friends in Ellsworth that he expects to arrive here next Friday, accompanied by a party of the gentlemen who are interested with him in the proposed Ellsworth-Castine electric railway and in the development of the Union river water power. Negotiations for the purchase of the lower dam of the Boston Reduction Co., that have been hanging fire for some time, have, it is understood, been closed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Last Thursday evening the following officers of Donagha lodge, K. of P., were installed by Deputy-Chancellor Commander Charles H. Leland: C. O., B. T. Sowie; V. C., Harry L. Crabtree; prelate, John A. Lord; M. of W., S. L. Lord; M. of E., Charles H. Leland; M. of A., F. E. Tilden; K. of R. & S., E. C. Osgood; inside guard, G. S. Hagerthy; outside guard, Roswell E. Murch. A banquet followed the installation.

E. W. Lord, formerly of this city, has recently resigned his position as superintendent of schools at Bellows Falls, Vt., to accept an appointment as deputy commissioner of education of Porto Rico. Mr. Lord is now in Ellsworth visiting his parents, S. L. Lord and wife. He will leave for Porto Rico in a short time. The duties of the deputy commissioner include the appointment and general supervision of all teachers and superintendents in the island.

The schooner "Willie L. Maxwell", which for some time has been commanded by Capt. J. A. Bowden, of Ellsworth, sailed last Thursday from Sullivan for Philadelphia, under a new captain—Redman W. Grant. The "Maxwell" is a handsome three-master, built in 1896, and was generally known as one of the fleet of three-masters owned largely by the late John A. Gordon. J. T. Maxwell, of Sautter, N. Y., is now the largest single owner. He owns three-sixteenths; Whitcomb, Haynes & Co., of Ellsworth,

Advertisements.

O. W. TAPLEY, INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS.

I have several trades in Real Estate, also some fine municipal bonds to sell.

BANK BUILDING - - - ELLSWORTH, ME

L. J. Butzell, of Sautter, and W. L. Maxwell, of Kansas, are the next largest owners, Capt. O. W. Foss, of Hancock, who is the vessel's agent, coming next. The rest is owned in small lots by residents of Hancock, Sullivan, Ellsworth and Philadelphia.

Alvin E. Grindle and Clarington J. Carter had a mix-up out in West Ellsworth yesterday. The outcome of it was that Grindle is in jail, and Carter at home pretty badly bruised up. Grindle was on his way home yesterday afternoon, when he overtook Carter, who had been waiting for him and was looking for trouble. He got it. A warrant was sworn out for Grindle's arrest late yesterday afternoon and City Marshal Donovan served it. A hearing will be had before Judge Peters this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Several witnesses have been summoned.

Last Tuesday evening an interesting quartette engaged in a game of whist at the home of Albert M. Hopkins. The four were James H. Hopkins, aged eighty-three; his sister, Mrs. F. A. Dutton, aged eighty-one; Mrs. J. H. Partridge, another sister, aged seventy-seven, and Mr. Hopkins himself, a young fellow, aged seventy-five. Sarah and Jim played against Abby and Albert. They played old-fashioned whist from 7 till 10. When "time" was called the former pair had made sixty-two points; the latter sixty-one. The "kid" of the family, E. K. Hopkins, aged 64, looked on, and made remarks.

Howard M. DeLaitre, wife and two children, Horace and Evelyn, of Minneapolis, Minn., and his brother, Charles P., of Aitkin, Minn., with his wife, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Josephine Farrell. The Messrs. DeLaitre are natives of Ellsworth, but went West many years ago. Howard, in company with his cousin John—also a former Ellsworth boy—are successful lumber merchants in Minneapolis. Charles, for many years, was in the grocery business, but is now also engaged in the lumber business in Aitkin. Both brothers married eastern girls. Charles' wife was Susan, daughter of the late Sterling Haynes; Howard's wife was a Lamaine girl. They will remain East some weeks.

Accident at Stonington.

Paris G. Merrill, formerly of Bluehill, had a leg broken and badly crushed Thursday forenoon.

Mr. Merrill was working a derrick in Ryan & Parker's quarry. The tongue broke and while repairing the damage, it fell, striking him with such force as to wedge him in the rocks, breaking and crushing his leg. It is feared that amputation will be necessary.

Some Maine Fair Dates.

Sept. 1-5—Maine State agricultural, Lewiston.
Sept. 10-11—Washington county, Penobscot.
Sept. 16-18—West Washington county, Cherryfield.
Sept. 16-18—Waldo and Penobscot, Monroeville.
Sept. 24-25—Eden agricultural, Eden.

Letter to Hon. Eugene Hale, Ellsworth.

Dear Sir: Congressman Belden, of Syracuse, painted his Thousand Islands cottage in '92 with Devor; and painted it again in '93, with the same, of course. Takes \$60 gallons. "What! does it last only seven years?" Depends on what you paint for. No one can tell how long a job of paint is going to last in any particular case. The paint may last ten years and the color fade. A summer cottage is painted for color, of course; it is also painted to keep out water, to keep it from rotting. Seven years is a good long time for paint to look fresh—depends on the color though; some colors last longer than others. There is too long for some of the prettiest colors. Nothing pays better, in building a house, than a good job of paint; and nothing pays better, in keeping it up, than resurfacing as soon as the paint shows signs of impairment. But this is to keep it sound. For the looks, you may paint it whenever the freshness is off. It's a matter of color; not of p-i-t.

Yours truly,

F. W. DEVOR & CO.
P. S. WIGGIN & MOORE sell our paint.

PIANO & ORGAN FACTS

The largest stock in Eastern Maine to select from. Every instrument sold under a strict guarantee, and lowest in price, quality of goods considered.

We also have the famous Standard Sewing machine, needles and supplies for all other machines, small musical instruments, sheet music, and everything found in a first-class music store.

STAPLES, SMITH & MOODY

Manning Block, Franklin St.,
ELLSWORTH ME.
Telephone 53-3

Second-Hand

Don't think I'm going out of business; I'm only clearing out old gear to make room for new, in order to give the public better livery service than ever.

Horses for Sale—Work and Driving. Easy Terms.

Horses Boarded by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates.

FRANKLIN ST. **F. H. OSGOOD,** ELLSWORTH.

The Ellsworth American—only COUNTY Paper.

OBITUARY.

ISAAC T. SMITH.

Isaac T. Smith died of heart disease at his home on Oak street, Tuesday morning at 6:30, aged seventy-five years. Mr. Smith was born in Surry, June 15, 1827. Here he spent his boyhood days. In 1853 he married Miss Sarah Davardson, of Surry, who survives him. He moved to Ellsworth in 1859, where he has since resided.

By trade, Mr. Smith was a painter, and he followed it until old age compelled him to retire, about five years ago.

Since retiring from business Mr. Smith's health has been gradually failing. Last winter he was confined to his bed most of the time. He got out again this spring, and seemed as well as usual. Last Saturday he again took his bed from which he never arose.

Mr. Smith was a member of Esoteric lodge, F. and A. M., and a charter member of the Unitarian church, of which he was a constant attendant. He was a loving husband, and a kind and indulgent father.

Besides a widow he leaves one sister, Mrs. Fannie Milliken, of Stoughton, Mass., one son, George W., two daughters, Mrs. Carlton McGown and Miss Grace, of Ellsworth, and one granddaughter, Miss Rena Roberts, of Boston.

Funeral services will be held at the house to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. A. H. Coar, of the Unitarian church, will officiate. Esoteric lodge will attend the funeral in a body.

COMING EVENTS.

Friday, July 18, at Green Lake—Picnic of Unitarian society.

Saturday, July 19, at Columbian hall, Ellsworth F. H. Social dance. Higgins' orchestra.

Thursday, July 24 at Odd Fellows hall—Social dance of Usona club.

Advertisements.

DISHES

We're showing the finest assortment of table ware ever shown in Ellsworth, at prices that will suit anybody. We have them in full sets or in single pieces. Think of a china sugar and cream pitcher for 25c! A cake plate, decorated, for 25c! A cracker jar for 25c! A china jardiniere for 25c!

TEAS and COFFEES,

LAMPS, TOILET SETS.

CHINA & JAPAN TEA CO.,

M. M. & E. E. DAVIS, Props.

PHOTO ETCHINGS

FREE OF CHARGE.

All we ask is that you buy a frame for the same.

WE MAKE EVERYTHING in the line of pictures.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

(Studio formerly occupied by B. F. Joy.)

FASSETT & RAND,

40 Main street. Ellsworth.

Belle Mead Sweets

Always fresh; always the best.

Palmer Hammocks

The only kind I now carry. It is the best and hence the cheapest. 75c to \$5. All genuine.

J. A. Thompson.



CARRIAGES, HARNESSSES, CARTS.

Christian growth is a necessity. It is necessary because we can never in this life come to a state of moral and spiritual perfection. At least this was Paul's opinion. After nearly thirty years of most devout and zealous service and consecration he declared that he still pressed forward, "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." Language could not be plainer. Paul at least knew nothing of perfection here, and hence he must needs always press on toward the goal. The same necessity for the same reason rests upon all Christians.

Paul was actuated in his desire for Christian growth and progress by a profound reason. Christ had apprehended or laid hold of him for salvation, and, if he failed in apprehending that for which he was apprehended in Christ, then Christ's work for him would be made vain and ineffective. Therefore he was zealously anxious to follow out and to lay hold on the eternal life which Christ had apprehended for him by His death. This profound motive should influence us all in desiring to persevere unto salvation. Christ died that we might be saved, and lest His death be in vain we should accept Him as our Saviour and persevere in Christian faith and life until the end.

Paul's method of progress or of growth is also set forth in the topical reference. It consisted of singleness of aim. "This one thing I do. . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Christianity must have the supreme place in our lives if we are to grow as we should. Christian progress can only be made by putting Christ first and making all things revolve about Him as the planets revolve around the sun. And that we may press forward with singleness of aim Paul suggests that we must forget the things that are behind. Paul's past would have interfered with present progress. But God had blotted out the past, and why should he dwell upon it to the detriment of his advancement in Christian faith and service? The past and everything else that interferes with our constant growth must be forgotten or brushed aside. One thing, singleness of aim, is our only sure method of success.

The goal set before us is worthy our utmost endeavors. It is "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The prize is the crown of eternal life, and God on high calls us to it. What an inspiration! The contestant in the Grecian games thought it an honor to win a mortal crown. What should we think, therefore, of a fadeless, immortal crown? And God calls us on. How can we falter or refuse?

BIBLE READINGS.
Ps. i, 1-6; III, 7-9; Jer. xii, 1, 2; Hos. xiv, 5-7; Mal. i, 1, 2; Matt. xiii, 31-33; Luke i, 5-10; Eph. ii, 10-22; I Pet. ii, 1-3; II Pet. iii, 17, 18.

A Call to Duty.

Every one may help to keep the standard of intellectual honesty at a lofty pitch, and what better service can a man render than to furnish the world with an example of faithful dealing with his own conscience and with his fellows? This, at least, is the one talent that is placed in the hands of the obscurest of us all. And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering of truth and the slow going out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our calling. Measure, if you can, the empire over those of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality and weigh, if you can, the huge burden of custom, unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality and his conversation of truth speaking and wholeness.—John Morley.

The Best Training.

It is never in ease or luxury, with freedom from sense of need and care, that the world's best and strongest helpers are trained. Those who have grown up in the midst of common human conditions, knowing care and the pressure of life's burdens, feeling the press of need and the pinch of narrow limitations, meeting trial and enduring struggle, learn in these very experiences to be sympathetic and helpful to others.—Forward.

Freely Give.

Christian beneficence is a duty, but what is the measure of it? We cannot fix a measure the same to every one, but the Scripture teaching is clear and is a sufficient rule, "Freely give." The giving should be with a free spirit, the spirit of giving, and it should be liberal, and liberality is measured by the means at command. Do you give "freely"?—United Presbyterian.

Unfinished Work.

There is no ruin like an unfinished work. The incomplete stands for hopes never to be realized and prayers to which no answer will ever come.—Presbyterian Journal.

The Whiteness of the Soul.

The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of his soul is not likely to lose it in any other.—Alexander Smith.

Annual Benefit Column.

EDITED BY "AUNT MARGE."

Its Motto: "Helpful and Helpful."

The purposes of this column are succinctly stated in the title and motto—it is for the mutual benefit, and aims to be helpful and helpful. Being for the common good, it is for the common use—a public servant, a purveyor of information and suggestion, a medium for the interchange of ideas. In this capacity it solicits communications, and its success depends largely on the support given it in this respect. Communications must be signed, but the name of writer will not be printed except by permission. Communications will be subject to approval or rejection by the editor of the column, but none will be rejected without good reason. Address all communications to

THE AMERICAN, Ellsworth, Me.

The sleepy stars are blinking,
The drowsy daisies nod,
The dew-drops bright are glistening
All over the grassy sod;
The pretty poppies dreaming
In silk robes white and red,
With violets in velvet
Out in their bordered bed.

In downy nests the birdlings
Have long since ceased to sing,
The little chicks are cuddled
Under their mother's wing,
While puss with her two babies
Is curled upon the rug,
And Jip has sought contented,
This corner, warm and snug.

Two blue eyes slowly closing,
And drooping a curly head,
And yet, says baby Willie,
"Tired time to do to bed."
We'll take him on a journey,
Over to dreamland bright,
So bring his pretty garments
And dress him all in white.

Now here's the car to take him,
That rocks us to and fro;
In mamma's arms pressed closely
How safe and fast he'll go!
He's almost there—the borders
Of dreamland dawn in sight—
Now—to and fro—more slowly—
He's there! One kiss—good-night!

—Selected.

Dear M. B. Friends:

Who wonders that the dwellers in cities, when it is possible, lie away from hot pavements, dusty streets, close, heated air, to some country retreat or seaside resort to rest under the shadow of the trees, to breathe the pure, fresh air, or to listen to the lap of the ocean on the beach, and thus drink in new life and vigor?

To the overworked, to the business man, what must even two weeks be like those which nature gives them in these pure blue heavens, in the shadows floating over the fields and hillsides, in the streams stealing through quiet lowlands?

The dweller in the country, accustomed to these things, cannot realize what these beauties of nature mean to such persons; nor how many a busy man or woman carries with him or her through the fifty weeks of daily care and responsibility the memory of two weeks of sunshine and bird-song, of green fields and waving grain fields.

Perhaps sometimes the country people almost envy the city visitors, and think only that "they are down here having a good time and loafing 'round'". Of course there are the wealthy class, who with their carriages and servants, seem to the on-looker to have only pleasure and enjoyment, but like the judge in the old poem, perhaps many of them would be glad to exchange cars with those who have less of this world's goods.

Country people can afford to be large-hearted, because they live in a "large place"—all nature is theirs—the blue heavens, the broad landscape. We do well to share these riches with ready sympathy.

Have you not entertained friends who so fully appreciated all these country sights and sounds that it was a pleasure to see their enjoyment? Such occasions are among the times when it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Persons having company are apt to make a mistake in trying too hard to entertain them. Be sincere in your greeting and welcome; your friends will know in many ways that you are glad to have them with you. But oftentimes if visitors feel that they can do just as they like, that they can talk or be quiet, that they can go and come as they please, in fact, that you are not "putting yourself out" too much for them, but are just going on with your household duties in the ordinary way, only gladly sharing your every-day home life with them, if they are good sensible persons they will enjoy themselves a great deal better than as though the household machinery had been turned into a new groove and consequently "run a little harder".

Perhaps some of you have thought you would like to invite some company for the summer, or for a few weeks' stay with you, but dread the thought of entertaining them more than you would mind the extra care and work. If you know the persons you would like to entertain, if they are not notably hard to please or particularly sensitive, try letting them do as they seem to like best when you do invite them, and see if the result isn't satisfactory all around.

It has occurred to me as an afterthought, that possibly all the M. B. helpers are engaged in this very way—entertaining summer guests—that may account for the long silence of so many of you.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonsful of baking powder (or 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{4}$ of soda) sifted twice with one level cup of sifted flour, bake in a moderate oven. Spread with jelly and roll while warm.

In baking berry pies remember "Ego's" suggestion to bake them with a quick fire.

"The glory of a sunset, the beauty of a landscape, or the delicate loveliness of a rose or a lily is not necessary to our animal existence, but it adds much to the sum of the highest things of life."

"The man who mounts the ladder alone without trying to help others, lacks the warmth of human sympathy, the touch of helpfulness, the quality of humanity."

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold
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IN THE MAINE FOREST.

By Gleason L. Archer.

[Concluded.]

"Do you really believe in that haunting story, Dave?" asked Munro of the parrot, breaking the profound silence that had settled upon them as they left the clearing.

"No, as I said before, I am not superstitious, but it is very evident that there are many who do believe it, as the deserted condition of the old farm bears abundant evidence. Then, too, I have heard an explanation of the haunting theory that I think very probable, although there is no proof of its correctness. It is claimed by some that Varney had a pet panther to which he was very much attached, and that the animal ran wild again upon Varney's death, but, remaining constantly in the vicinity of the tragedy, was the real cause of all those hideous midnight sounds."

"Sorrowing for its master, I presume," added Munro thoughtfully. "It is a strange story, and a sad one at any rate." Silence reigned for a time as the distance between them and the old farm increased. Nothing was heard but the crunching and grinding of the drivers' corked boots upon the rocky roadbed.

"I wish I hadn't heard a word of that story. I know that I shall see that fellow's ghost every night for three weeks," exclaimed young Mr. Wisdom, in such a tone of genuine concern that all the company smiled. A general discussion as to the truth or falsity of the ghost theory followed, but gradually changed to brighter themes.

The land sloped gently downward from both sides of the ridge which they were now traversing, until the wooded valleys terminated in two broad and spacious lakes. Regal lake, upon the right, expanding its ample bosom—still pent beneath a cold gray covering of honey-combed ice—in graceful curves interrupted here and there by headlands and promontories. An extensive farm could be seen nestling on a bold hillside of its farther shore. Still farther along another clearing which bore the marks of human industry, and beyond this a rough break in the rugged hills revealed the presence of still another lake. On the left hand side and nearer at hand lay the placid surface of Cleft lake, deeply set among the surrounding hills. Farther on to the north and near the foot of the lake loomed up the granite sides of Cleft lake mountain—a rugged spur of natural masonry frowning upon the lake below.

A great forest fire had swept over this whole district nearly half a decade before, and the young forest trees that had sprung up to take the places of the former growth, were not yet high enough to obstruct the vision of the little party as they followed the winding road. The bare and leafless branches of this young growth gave it an even more juvenile appearance. Dead and lifeless trunks of the former forest here and there reared their blackened shafts, like solitary arms pointing toward heaven.

Immense boulders, carelessly scattered about, standing forth prominently in their positions of repose on the gentle slopes of the surrounding hillsides, bespoke a former age, when a mightier than human agency was at work upon the face of nature to change its aspect and alter its rugged lines—when the great period of glacial activity leveled down mountains here and erected others there, wrenched great boulders from the earth's granite bed, transported them hundreds of miles, perhaps, then to cast them forth in capricious delight; when the stern polar night of ice and snow clasped the land in its numbing bosom, hollowed out lakes, marked out the river beds, pulverized the soil, and made it ready for the occupancy of man.

A particularly fine view opened up before the little band of drivers as they paused upon the summit of the crowning elevation of the road, to wipe the perspiration from their flushed faces, and to rest for a moment from their exertions.

"Well, boys, how is this for scenery? Did you ever see such a diverse landscape? I should like to live in just such a place. I think that I could be perfectly content here with no other neighbors but these hills and lakes."

It was Munro who spoke, and leaning up against a boulder by the roadside he was again, with the others, lost in admiration of the beauties of nature about them. Suddenly Mr. Wisdom's brother cried out in a tone of suppressed excitement, and pointed to a spot in the valley before them. Following his gaze they beheld a large herd of deer feeding about among the young sprouts, "browsing," as it is called by the woodsmen. The sight was a novel one to some of the party, and one which will at all times rejuvenate even an old sportsman who has seen the like hundreds of times before. Small wonder, therefore, that it should throw our entire party into a state of feverish eagerness to get a nearer view of the unsuspecting herd. Entire party did I say? Hardly that, for the man of a blushing countenance was unaffected by the excitement of his comrades. His present illness had robbed him of his accustomed life and spirits, and he was content to sit dejectedly by the roadside while his livelier comrades were scraping their shins over the stones, scratching their hands and faces in the blackberry bushes as they attempted to approach nearer to the fleet-footed couriers of the woodland.

Really it was an amusing sight to see this excited little company trying to get through the brush without making a noise. All eager to get there first, scowling and elbowing their companions angrily for making a noise, when it seemed in reality as if each man was making more noise than his companion, their cow-hide driving boots crashing through the dry twigs and grinding on the rocks, their sweaters and coats catching upon

E. W. Groves

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the briers, only to be wrenched savagely away by their agitated owners, while the bush itself would swing back with a clatter, striking against all the bushes in its radius, or perchance fetching up with a smart slap across the face of some outdistanced one of the party. Such was their noiseless approach.

The knight of the green sweater, who was slightly in the lead, commanded them to creep on all fours, but young Mr. Wisdom retorted that he had the privilege to do so himself. The knight was in that same position in which the United States is said to be by campaign orators when discoursing upon bi-metalism—unable to adopt the system until the other nations are ready to do the same—so he was obliged to keep up the wild scramble as before, or be outdistanced.

If it had been a runaway 'emigrant train, the quick-eyed deer would scarcely have heard it sooner. Before the company of drivers were within a gun-shot of them, the whole herd was in a state of wild commotion. A great flashing of white flags and away they went, literally sailing over the young sprouts, in long, irregular leaps, some of them pausing at every third jump to whirl about and snort in an astonishing manner. The snorting and stamping of the frightened animals, as they scattered in every direction, was as if pandemonium itself had broken loose. The party of excited drivers literally tumbled over one another in their eagerness to get a parting view of the herd.

Mr. Wisdom raged because he could not see them better, and Nelson Dollittle cursed his ill luck because he could not see them at all. When the last sound of flying hoof-beats died on the air, Munro, struck by the ludicrous appearance of his comrades, burst into a hearty laugh and all the company except Mr. Wisdom and Nelson joined.

Mr. Wisdom was upbraiding Nelson harshly for making so much noise before the deer started, and for shouting so loudly after they were in motion; and Nelson, angry with himself and every one else, was retorting savagely. Before the others were hardly aware of what was going on, the two men had clinched and were struggling fiercely.

Munro and his companions attempted to part the hot-headed young men, but just at this moment one of them caught his heel in a trailing vine, and down went both men like a flash, still grappling one another. They tumbled several somersaults down the steep hillside through the briers and raspberry bushes. Nelson broke away, and the two men scrambled to their feet. Mr. Wisdom came up raging to renew the conflict, but Nelson beat a hasty retreat, swinging his arms like the sails of an old-fashioned windmill to ward off his aggressor. The two men were parted, and received a sound rating by their older companions for their senseless brawling.

The party now returned to the road and found the man of the blushing countenance in a state of great agitation. A part of the startled herd of deer had swung up through the ravine in his direction, and one of them had actually leaped over him where he sat. The herd had passed like a whirlwind through the bush all around him.

Our little band, having regained their packs, pushed onward on their way again, having lost some little by their unexpected adventure. As they moved briskly forward through the pleasant scenes, the warmth of the mellowing sunlight seemed to waken the faint fragrance of future flowers. The odor of the drying leaves, sole remnant of last year's glory, dwelt like an incense in the inspiring atmosphere; the swelling buds all about them cast forth their aromatic essences to sweeten the gentle breath of spring, and the faint breeze that fanned the cheek was laden with buoyancy and cheer.

Vocal rejoicing sounded from all around; from feathered songsters on every twig came the joyful note of praise and thanksgiving, gratitude to their Maker for another home-coming from the far-away South, their winter domicile, and above it all the musical murmur of countless rivulets bounding on their way to lower lands. An unconscious elation filled the hearts of our little band as their road lengthened behind them.

A short, steep descent in the boulder-strewn way terminated the broad belt of burnt land through which they had been travelling, and after crossing the shallow sparkling stream that pours the clear waters of Regal lake and its tributaries into Cleft lake but a few rods distant, they plunged into the depth of the forest again.

The shade of the lofty evergreens came as a pleasing change to the steady glare of the sunlight. The road swung to the left, intersected at all angles by cross-roads, the marks of recent lumber operations, but the main track held steadily onward, plainly marked out by the signs of years of travel, up a gentle incline and over a heavily wooded ridge of hardwood trees. Many times they paused from sheer fatigue before the summit of this ridge was fairly reached. Conversation was kept up at a rattling pace, speculations upon the great value of the timber through which they were passing, the entire absence of underbrush and the remarkable height of the massive, pillar-like trunks of maple, beech and bass wood so thickly rising as far as eye could reach. They halted now and then to cluster around some ancient beech whose smooth bark might perchance bear the autograph of some forgotten wayfarer that had passed it in former days, and perhaps while pausing for a moment, had inscribed his name and the date of his sojourn upon its sensitive bark, which is of such a nature that the slightest scratch will in the process of years expand with the growth of the tree into a broad, clear, cut line. Little dreaming as he did so that years hence, after eternal slumber had soothed his own weary frame to rest, other eyes should read his simple memorials, and other hands should likewise carve in hasty characters other memorials upon this ever-widening sheet of nature's autograph album.

On this particular ridge there are hun-

dreds of such instances, especially upon the crowning eminence where the wild beauty of the forest invites a moment's repose after the long, fatiguing climb of the insulating hillside.

As they continued on their way the hardwood growth gradually changed to evergreen forest once more. Soft, mucky places in the road grew more frequent. The hemlock and spruce gave place to cedar and alders as the road led on into a lowland district. The little party felt that they were now in the valley that borders Crocodile lake. Ten minutes more and they stepped forth into an old camping ground, where for many years the drivers' tents had been pitched each spring, but now no longer used because of a large and spacious camp that had been lately erected on the opposite side of the river by the driving corporation for the better accommodation of its employees.

The little company turned into a well-worn foot-path, and a moment later the heavy timbers of the framework of Crocodile pond dam were in view. The lake itself stretched far away to the right, heavily wooded on either side.

A crew of men was at work upon the dam, taking out some of the old timbers and replacing them with new, putting both dam and sluiceways into condition for the spring drive of lumber that would soon be driven through. Gravel was being dumped upon the earthen embankments on either side of the gates to strengthen the dam and prevent the water from undermining the framework. Great care must be exercised to prevent such undermining, for the enormous pressure of the water, when at high water mark, is such that, having forced a passage for a leak, however slight, the whole structure is in greatest danger until the leak is stopped.

The wings of the ordinary dam in the backwoods are constructed of round cedar spilling set upon a sort of skeleton framework, and roughly covered with earth and gravel. When the water once gains an access through this barrier, a beginning, even in a slight dribble, will soon swell into a torrent, drawing through the fissure the sand and gravel around it until the poles are laid bare and the framework is undermined to such an extent that, under the enormous strain and suction, the dam may go out bodily, losing all the backed up water of months, and hanging up the drives for that season. Nor is this usually the extent of damages in such an event. The great flood of water rushing down the river into the already swollen reservoirs of other dams below, may sweep them also, in spite of any human agency that can be brought to bear upon the threatened structures. Thus the safety of the entire drive often depends upon the watchful care of one man.

After pausing to chat for a few minutes with the workmen, our little band crossed the bare stringers of the bulkhead of the dam and climbed the steep embankment on the opposite side. This embankment was in the form of a narrow ridge, commonly called a "horse-back", and extended down the river for some distance. They followed the driving path along until they reached the road that they had left when they took the path at the camp ground on the other side of the river.

The road now led straight onward until they entered the chip-littered yard of the Crocodile pond driving camp. The first stage of their journey was over. The forenoon had passed.

Here we will leave them until the author feels in the mood to complete the narrative of their adventures on that day, for these were real men and real places, although treated under fictitious titles. It may be also added that the author was one of the youthful members of the party.

Snubbing a Snob.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet and barber, once treated a rich snob to the snubbing he deserved. Jasmin had been reciting his poems for the benefit of the poor and had afterward been escorted in triumph procession to his hotel. Next morning while he was still in bed some one knocked at the door, a vulgar nabob entered and installed himself without invitation in a chair.

"My dear Jasmin," said he patronizingly, "I am a banker, a millionaire, as you know. I wish you to shave me with your own hand. Please set to work at once, for I am pressed for time. You can ask what you like for your trouble."

"Pardon me, sir," said Jasmin, with pride, "I shave for pay at home only."

"What do you say?"

"It is true, sir. I shave for pay only at home."

"Come, come! You are jesting. I cannot be put off. Make your charge what you like, but shave me!"

"Again I say, sir, it is impossible!"

"How impossible? Isn't it your trade?"

"It is, but at this moment I am not disposed to exercise it."

In spite of renewed bribes and entreaties Jasmin remained firm, and the millionaire went away unshaved.

Encouragement.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—Catholic Home Companion.

Mother Always Keeps It Handy.

"My mother suffered from distressing pains and general ill health due to indigestion," says L. W. Spaulding, Verona, Mo. "Two years ago I got her to try Kodol. She grew better at once and now eats anything she wants, remarking that she fears no bad effects as she has her bottle of Kodol handy." It is nature's own tonic.

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Read the statements of Ellsworth citizens.

And decide for yourself.
Here is one case of it.

Mr. J. T. Crippen, dealer in pianos, organs, musical instruments and sewing machines, says: "Helping my father one day, who is a mason, I fell off a scaffold and injured myself. From then until I was 35 years old, there was a sore spot over the left kidney, which I could feel with my finger. It disappeared until 4 years ago, when I had a severe spell of sickness, and after that I had pains in my back off and on, especially if I did any heavy lifting. In the summer of '96 annoying urinary difficulty set in, for which I doctored and received some relief. Later on, when Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention in my paper, I got them at Wiggin's drug store. After using them the trouble was checked, and I have not noticed any indication of a return. I know of others who have been using Doan's Kidney Pills, and who speak highly of them as a kidney medicine."

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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS.

DR. H. W. HAYNES begs to notify his patrons and others that until further notice his dental rooms will be closed on Wednesday afternoons Ellsworth, Oct. 25, 1899.

DR. H. GREELY,
DENTIST.

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, class of '75.
OFFICE IN GILES' BLOCK, ELLSWORTH.
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WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1902.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

STATE ELECTION SEPT. 8, 1902.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor:
JOHN F. HILL.
For Representative to Congress:
(Third District)
EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Senators:
ALBERT R. BUCK, of Orland.
EDWARD S. CLARK, of Eden.
For County Clerk:
JOHN F. KNOWLTON, of Ellsworth.
For Judge of Probate:
OSCAR P. CUNNINGHAM, of Bucksport.
For Register of Deeds:
WILLIAM E. CAMPBELL, of Ellsworth.
For Sheriff:
HOWARD F. WHITCOMB, of Ellsworth.
For County Attorney:
BEDFORD E. TRACY, of Winter Harbor.
For County Commissioner:
JOHN P. ELDRIDGE, of Ellsworth.
For County Treasurer:
OMAR W. TAPLEY, of Ellsworth.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation officially announcing the postponement of the World's Fair at St. Louis to 1904.

An appreciative sketch of Congressman Burleigh of the third district, who was recently renominated, may be found elsewhere in this issue.

All Maine deeply sympathizes with Maj. Holman F. Day, newspaper man, author and poet, in the death of his wife who passed away at their home in Auburn last Saturday. Mrs. Day had been an invalid for more than a year, suffering from an incurable malady.

The last dollar of Maine's temporary loans was paid Saturday. The amount of these loans outstanding on Jan. 1, 1901, was \$350,000. The advent of Gov. Hill, aided by a legislature filled with a desire to set things right, marked the beginning of the end which has now been reached.

More births by 234 than in 1899; more marriages by 153 and more deaths by nineteen, is the story in brief of the vital statistics for Maine in 1900 just published. And 801 divorces were granted in this State in the year 1900, against 790 in 1899, making the divorce rate in 1900 of one for every 6.8 marriages solemnized. The total number of births in 1900 were 14,709; marriages, 5,452; deaths, 11,389.

The Marquis of Salisbury has resigned the premiership of Great Britain, and Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, the first lord of the treasury and government leader of the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed him. Lord Salisbury tendered his resignation at an audience which he had with King Edward last Friday, and last Saturday Mr. Balfour visited the king and accepted the premiership.

Bar Harbor and Lamolue Steamer. Arrangements have been made for putting on a steamer to run daily during the summer between Bar Harbor and Lamolue. The steamer "Minnabsha" has been chartered for this purpose and will begin running about July 15.

The "Minnabsha" is owned by Capt. M. A. Flye, of Deer Isle, who will command her.

The putting on of this boat will literally fill a long-felt want. Lamolue, within the past few years, has become quite a summer resort, and the lack of connections has been sorely felt.

Shore Acres, the popular hotel at Lamolue Beach, is open this season, and under its new proprietor, Edmon Eno, of Ellsworth, is already well patronized.

Then the new government coal station is in itself no small attraction, and its inspection is well worth a day's time.

The new battleship "Maine" was tested off the Delaware Capes yesterday. The keel of this powerful ship was laid on Feb. 15, 1890, the anniversary of the destruction of the old "Maine" in Havana harbor. She was launched on July 27, 1901. Miss Mary Preble Anderson, of Portland, a descendant of Commodore Preble, being her sponsor. The "Maine" is 358 feet long on the load water line. Her beam extreme is 72 feet 2 1/2 inches, her draught 23 feet 10 1/2 inches, and her displacement 12,500.

The engagement is announced of Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., Episcopal bishop of New York, to Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, also of New York and well known as a generous dispenser of wealth for charity. Bishop Potter, who is now in Europe, is expected back during the summer, quite recovered from his recent indisposition. The date of the marriage has not been settled.

COUNTY GOSSIP.

Bar Harbor is again agitated over the question of whether or not it shall ask the legislature for a city charter. Public opinion seems to favor it. It is urged that while the population is not quite large enough to require a charter, the amount of business done by the town is ample justification.

Mrs. Eva L. Randall, of East Boston, Mass., the alleged kidnapper of the boy Willie Petro, has been held to await the action of the grand jury. The boy, it will be remembered, was found at the farm of Mrs. Randall's parents in Verona, and returned to his parents. Mrs. Randall was placed under \$1,500 bonds.

CAMPAIGN ORATORS.

Many Distinguished Republicans to Speak in Maine.

There will be some fine displays of oratory in the coming campaign, if the programme as arranged by the republican State committee is carried out.

Last Friday evening the committee met in Augusta, and completed arrangements for carrying on the campaign, which is to open on August 15. There will be three weeks of speaking, and Chairman F. M. Simpson informed the committee that he had received assurances from nine United States senators and six members of the House of Representatives that they will speak in Maine during the last two weeks of the campaign.

The list comprises Senators Burnham and Gallinger, New Hampshire; Lodge, Massachusetts; Burton, Kansas; Dooliver, Iowa; McComas, Maryland; Mason, Illinois; Spooner, Wisconsin; Dillingham, Vermont; and Representatives Burket, Nebraska; Foster, Vermont; Currier, New Hampshire; Pearre, Maryland; Landis and Watson, Indiana.

Besides the gentlemen named the committee has been offered the services of many Maine orators, including Senators Hale, Frye and Representatives Littlefield and Powers.

Since last Friday's meeting it has been learned that there is some doubt as to whether Senator Spooner will be able to come.

BRYAN COMING?

The Famous Democratic Ex-Candidate Expected to Visit Maine.

William J. Bryan, twice a candidate for the presidency on the democratic ticket, and twice defeated, is, according to an announcement made by Editor Plaisted of the New Age, of Augusta, coming to Maine.

It is stated that Mr. Bryan will speak at Portland in the forenoon of Friday, July 25, at Augusta in the afternoon, and at Bangor in the evening of the same day. Mr. Bryan will come to Maine from Boston where, Thursday, July 24, he will be the guest of the New England democratic club and under its auspices he will make a speech at Nantasket Beach.

It had been planned to have Col. Bryan come into Maine later in the season, for a g and mass meeting at Lake Umbagog, but he expressed his preference for visiting Portland, Augusta and Bangor, and his wish will be followed.

Though it is not definitely decided, it is probable that Mr. Bryan will be accompanied to Maine by Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, Senator Bailey, of Texas, Hon. E. M. Shepard, of New York city, who was defeated in the majority contest by Hon. Seth Low, and by George Fred Williams, of Boston.

Hon. Samuel W. Gould, of Skowhegan, democratic nominee for governor, will preside at the Augusta meeting.

It can be confidently predicted that when the great democratic chieftain and orator comes to Bangor, a large Ellsworth contingent will go there to greet him.

POLITICAL NOTES.

George B. Stuart has been nominated by the democrats of Ellsworth as candidate for representative to the legislature.

The democrats of the class towns of Mt. Desert, Tremont, Cranberry Isles and Swan's Island have nominated M. E. Tracy as candidate for representative to the legislature. His republican opponent is A. E. Farnsworth.

The democrats of the class towns of Deer Isle, Stonington, Sedgewick and Lewis Island met in Deer Isle last Saturday, and nominated Dr. C. E. Westcott for representative to the legislature. The republican nominee is Sumner P. Mills, of Stonington. As this will be the first election under the new apportionment, much interest is manifested, and the contest promises to be a hot one.

"The Burglar."

A coming dramatic event of great interest hereabouts will be the presentation at Hancock hall, on Tuesday, Aug. 5, under the management of Fred E. Cooke, of this city, of the four-act drama, "The Burglar," by Augustus Thomas, author of "Alabama," "Arizona," and others.

The part of "William Lewis," who is the "Burglar," will be played by Francis Byrne, a well-known actor, of leading juvenile parts, who was with Ethel Barrymore last season in "Capt. Jack." Other characters will be taken by Henry B. Stockbridge and his wife, who were with Kyrie Bellew last season, and by Mr. Cooke, too well known here to need extended comment, who will impersonate "John Hamilton."

Little Margaret Grant will take the part of "Editha." Others in the cast will be Miss Rubie B. McGown, Miss Leah Friend, a senior at Wellesley college, Mrs. Arthur H. Grant, Henry A. Campbell and W. F. Aiken. This piece had a run of six months at the Madison square garden, New York, E. H. Sothern being the original "Burglar."

Mr. Cooke will play the company at Bar Harbor, Aug. 6, and at Northeast Harbor Aug. 7.

"I just seen paw going down the road." "Did he have on his Sunday clothes?" "Yes; he had on the old suit he goes fishing in."

CHAPLAIN D. H. TRIBOU.

Back to Boston—Dean of the Navy's Religious Corps.

Chaplain David H. Tribou, U. S. N., the dean of the religious corps of Uncle Sam's navy, is to return to duty at the Charleston navy yard, Boston, from which he was detached about sixteen months ago after seven years' continuous service there. Chaplain Tribou, who is now on the battleship "Wisconsin" in the Pacific, is to be chaplain of the receiving ship "Wabash" at the navy yard, which has been without a permanent naval chaplain for some time.

Chaplain Tribou is well known throughout Maine, either personally or by reputation. He is a Maine man. He was the principal of Hampden academy and the supervisor of schools of Penobscot county, before he entered the navy service in 1872. He married an Ellsworth girl—Kate Davis, a daughter of the late ex-Mayor James F. Davis. They have one daughter Fannie, who is a graduate of the Ellsworth high school. Mrs. Davis and her daughter are now on the Pacific coast.

From 1894 to February of last year Chaplain Tribou was at the Charlestown navy yard, first as chaplain of the "Wabash," to which position he is to return, and from May, 1897, as the chaplain of the yard and the United States naval prison there. In addition to his clerical work he was the recorder of the board of labor employment at the yard, in which his whole interest centered, and to the problems of which he devoted nearly all his working time. The naval department officially stated that the Boston yard had the best results, and gave Chaplain Tribou the credit.

Chaplain Tribou is intensely interested in prison problems, and has recommended many of the important changes that made the naval prison a modern and humanitarian place of confinement. He has also found time to contribute many interesting letters on timely topics to various newspapers. His lectures on naval topics are famous.

Chaplain Tribou left for duty at New York in February of last year, and since has been in the Philippines, both as chaplain of the "Iowa" and in connection with the religious problem in those islands.

For Representative, Geo. B. Stuart.

The democrats of Ellsworth held a caucus at Hancock hall last Thursday evening, and nominated Alderman George B. Stuart as their candidate for representative to the legislature.

The meeting was called to order by John E. Doyle, chairman of the democratic city committee. W. H. Dresser was chosen chairman, and D. E. Hurley secretary.

Alderman Charles H. Leland presented Mr. Stuart's name. An opportunity, he said, presented itself this year for the democrats to elect a strong man, and such a man, he claimed, is to be found in Mr. Stuart. He moved that his nomination be by acclamation.

Mr. Dresser, after calling E. E. Brady to the chair, took the floor. He recalled the fact that since Ellsworth became a city in 1869, the democrats here had elected a representative but three times, in '73, '74 and '78.

During the past ten years no democratic candidate had come so near being elected as did Mr. Stuart in 1900. Since then he had been continuously in the public eye, and had, in the speaker's judgment, lost none of the strength he then developed. For these reasons he regarded Mr. Stuart's nomination as an eminently fitting one to be made, and seconded the nomination.

The motion was carried amid applause. Mr. Leland was appointed a committee of one to find the nominee, and escort him to the hall. As Mr. Stuart entered, the chairman advanced, took him by the hand, informed him of the action of the caucus, and called for a speech.

Mr. Stuart responded. He said he had steadily declined to be considered a candidate. But a strong county ticket had been nominated, and if the addition of his name would, in the judgment of the caucus, add strength to it, he was willing to accept. He expressed the firm belief that the ranks of republican office-holders would be broken this fall.

Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

"High in the historical and literary associations accumulated during two centuries of existence," says the Ladies' Home Journal, "the Wayside Inn, built by David Howe, still stands remote among the wooded hills in South Sudbury, Massachusetts. The Landlord of Longfellow's famous Tales was the dignified Squire Lyman Howe, a justice of the peace and school committee man, who lived a bachelor, and died at the inn in 1890—the last of his line to keep the famous hostelry."

"Beside 'Squire Howe', the only other real characters in the Tales who were ever actually at the Inn were Thomas W. Parsons, the poet; Luigi Monti, the Sicilian; and Professor Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, the theologian, all three of whom were in the habit of spending the summer months there. Of the other characters, the musician was Ole Bull, the student was Henry Ware Wales, and the Spanish Jew was Israel Edrehi. "Near the room in which Longfellow stayed is the ballroom, with the dais at one end for the fiddlers. But the polished floor no longer feels the pressure of dainty feet in high-heeled slippers gliding over it to the strains of contra dance, cotillon or minuet, although the merry voices of summer visitors and the jingling bells of winter sleighing parties at times still break the quiet of the ancient inn."

To-morrow "Will be" or "Is"?

A dispute over the question whether you should say "To-morrow will be Thursday," or "To-morrow is Thursday," is needless, for either expression is allowable. "To-morrow will be Thursday" means that, looking forward from to-day as the point of view, the speaker thinks of to-morrow as a future time, and says of it that it "will be" Thursday; "To-morrow is Thursday" means that, without any reference to to-day, the speaker thinks of a certain day as "to-morrow," and says of it that it "is" Thursday.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Correspondence.

"Trout or Codfish?"

ODDEN, UTAH, July 6, 1902.

To the Editor of The American: I am not an iconoclast, nor would I look on approvingly while any venerated idol was being dragged in the dust, but the truth of history must be vindicated and preserved though the dreams of ambition be exploded like a bubble, or the hero of a story gush with sweat when pricked with the needle of truth. And this brings us to the point.

In THE AMERICAN of July 2 you tell a pretty story about a "Trout or Codfish." As I said before, it is a very pretty story, but the fact is, I heard Lewis Barker tell that story more than twenty-five years ago in the old town-house at Orland, but in his hands the fishes were cod and haddock, and the two gentlemen involved were the governor of Maine and the governor of New Hampshire, who were both alumni of Bowdoin, and each of whom happened that year to be elected governor of adjoining states, though the two friends had not met since their graduation many years before.

There was no whiskey in the case, as Barker used to tell it, but it was the result of a joke of a mutual friend who kept the village tavern near the state line, and where the governor of Maine stopped over night on his way with his fine codfish that his good wife was sending to her old friend, the wife of the governor of New Hampshire.

The governor of Maine was greatly mortified when he had shown his present, that had been changed by the tavern-keeper, to the New Hampshire governor, and so, in spite of protests, he took the wretched thing back home with him to confront his wife with the proof of her delinquency.

Of course the wife protested her innocence, and the governor of Maine, indignant at the supposed deception, went out to his sleigh and brought in the fish which the mutual friend had again changed, as the governor had stopped over night on his return trip. When the governor and his wife saw that it was really a codfish after all, and a nice one, too, the governor of Maine said: "Well, well! D—n a fish that's a codfish in Maine and a haddock in New Hampshire."

I hope my version of the affair will prove to be the correct one, for I have been telling that story in every political campaign out here for the last ten years. It was especially apt during Bryan's struggle for election, because his platform advocated silver west of the Missouri, but condemned it down east.

Yes, I have told that story more than a hundred times, and all the way from Logan to St. George, and when I would fail to remember to tell it the crowd of listeners would call for it. And now only to think! If those fellows read your paper, and find out that it was a trout instead of a haddock, they will think that I was lying about it.

It's a mighty trifling sort of a fellow that would lie about a little fish.

Very respectfully,
A. S. CONDON.

Find Your Place and Fill It.

It is a sad parody on life to see a man earning his living by a vocation which has never received his approval. It is pitiable to see a youth, with the image of power and destiny stamped upon him, trying to support himself in a mean, contemptible occupation, which dwarfs his nature, and makes him despise himself; an occupation which is constantly condemning him, ostracizing him from all that is best and truest in life. Dig trenches, shovel coal, carry a load; do anything rather than sacrifice your self-respect, blunt your sense of right and wrong, and shut yourself off forever from the true joy of living, which comes only from the consciousness of doing one's best.—Success.

What a splendid type of tireless activity is the sun as the psalmist describes it! It is like a "bridegroom from his chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race." Every man ought to rise in the morning refreshed by slumber and renewed by rest, eager for the struggle of the day. But how rarely this is so! Most people rise still unrefreshed, and dreading the strains of the day's labor. The cause of this is deficient vitality and behind this lies a deficient supply of pure, rich blood, and an inadequate nourishment of the body. There is nothing that will give a man strength and energy, as will Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does this by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. This nourishes the nerves, feeds the brain, builds up enfeebled organs, and gives that sense of strength and power which makes the struggle of life a joy. The "good feeling" which follows the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not due to stimulation as it contains no alcohol, whiskey, or other intoxicants. It does not brace up the body, but builds it up into a condition of sound health.

Advertisements.

Here is the Place



TO BUY YOUR

Hats at Low Prices.

I am going to close out my stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats at prices that will sell them.

A. E. MOORE,

Corner of Main and Franklin streets, ELLSWORTH.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Davis, of West Ellsworth, Celebrate.

Benjamin H. Davis and Ann Barron were married July 11, 1852. Last Friday evening, at their home in West Ellsworth, they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the event.

Mr. Davis is seventy-two years of age, and his wife is sixty-six. Both were born in Ellsworth, and have always lived here. They have a large farm in West Ellsworth.

Three children have been born to them—two sons and one daughter. Jesse T., the oldest, died at the age of twenty-seven. The daughter, Georgietta E., married S. H. Whitaker, of Lamolue. She died at the age of thirty-eight, leaving three children. The youngest, Colin F., is of the firm of C. F. Davis & Co., market-men, at the eastern end of the Union river bridge. Colin married Mary Grant. They have five children, two girls and three boys.

Neighbors and friends to the number of seventy-five visited the worthy couple at their hospitable home, and showered them with congratulations, many of which were in the form of remembrances of a more substantial character than words.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John F. Davis and family, S. H. Whitaker, of Lamolue, and his daughters Cassie, Myrtle and Ethel; Mr. and Mrs. C. Edgar Perkins, Dr. H. G. Averill, of Bar Harbor, Mrs. Louisa Seeds and son Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Bonney, John B. Mitchell, Miss Helen Mitchell, Mrs. George Floyd and daughter, Miss Helen Plaisted, of York, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Stackpole, of Lamolue, Henry Starkey, Ernest Smith, Miss Ray Dillard, Mr. and Mrs. John Meader and family, Willie Kemp, Byron Lindsay, Miss Mary Smith, Elmer Smith, Margaret Drake, Leroy Moore, Mrs. Alice Smith and daughter, of Surry, William H. True and daughter, Mrs. Anne Grant and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Barron, A. M. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stackpole and daughter, Miss Ella Barron, Walter Smith.

The evening was spent in a social way. Refreshments were served, and on leaving all wished these goodspeed, and expressed the hope that they might live to celebrate their diamond wedding in 1927.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WENT & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRWAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Advertisements.

SUMMER DRINKS

A new industry right here in Ellsworth. I make all kinds of aerated beverages—Soda, ginger ale, syrup, all flavors.

NOW IS THE TIME

Hot weather is with us, or very close to us, and our beverages are refreshing and healthful.

Supplying Family Trade a Specialty

FRED B. KINGSBURY, Odd Fellows Block - Ellsworth, Me. (West end bridge)

AMERICAN HOUSE.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

Having purchased this well-known hotel, it is my purpose to conduct it in a first-class manner in every respect. The house is thoroughly equipped—high-class cuisine, electric bells, steam heat, telephone and livery connected. Free carriage to and from all trains.

RATES \$2.00 PER DAY.

Liberal terms to summer visitors.

FRANK T. CROWS, Prop.

Wanted.

CAPABLE GIRL to do general housework. Liberal wages. Inquire of Mrs. A. W. KINO, corner Main and High streets, Ellsworth, Maine.

To Rent.

STORE—Rooms—first floor and basement—in Mason block on State street, recently occupied by the Hancock County Publishing Co. Inquire of JOHN B. REDMAN, agent, in the same building.

For Sale.

ONE band saw machine 1 buzz planer, 1 surface planer, 1 large and 1 small wood turning lathe, 1 ripping saw machine, 1 saw bench (all iron), 1 swing saw, 7 1/2 H. P. gasoline engine. All in good working order. Also hangers, shafts, pulleys, etc. Isaac L. HONKINS, Ellsworth, Me.

HORSE—Good work horse, will be sold at reasonable price. Inquire of JAMES KUPFAY, Trenton, Me.

Special Notices.

CORPORATION MEETING. The annual meeting of the Eastern Maine Railway Company will be held at the Thorndike Hotel, in Rockland, on the first Wednesday of August, 1902, at 7 o'clock in the afternoon. By order of the directors.

ELLSWORTH, July 8, 1902. L. A. ESKY, Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that the Flying Place bridge, so called, in the town of Trenton, will be up for repairs from August 1 until further notice. Per order of selectmen.

J. D. REMICK.

Trenton, July 11, 1902.

PARTIES desiring a good, safe investment for small sums of money, with a high rate of interest, write for particulars. A permanent resident solicitor wanted. PENNSYLVANIA IMPROVEMENT & INVESTMENT CO., 708 Baver Building, Reading, Penna.

NOTICE. To official authority for the State of Maine, county of Hancock, townships of Lamolue, Hancock, Franklin and plantation No. 8: OVER three thousand acres in Lamolue, Maine, have been burned to glass. I demand exemption from taxes on this Austin property for one hundred years.

MARY C. FRITZ AUSTIN.

SPECIAL NOTICE. DO not trespass in Cuniculocux Park. I demand protection to life and property from the county of Hancock, the State of Maine, and the United States of America.

MARY C. FRITZ AUSTIN.

Advertisements.

Pept-iron Puts Iron Into the Blood

Gives the blood what is necessary for its perfect oxidation—the process by which it gets its deep red color seen in the lips, cheeks and ears.

Iron in the blood unites with oxygen in the lungs. The more iron, the more color.

Peptiron combines the best nerve and stomach tonics, and meets all the requirements of the anemic, pale, nervous and dyspeptic.

Peptiron is made in two forms: In a liquid, an aromatic cordial elixir—at \$1 per bottle, also in chocolate-coated pills at 50c, or 10c per box. By C. L. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Selling Agent in Ellsworth:

G. A. PARCHER, 14 Main Street.

Legal Notices.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named. At a probate court held at Ellsworth, on the 10th day of July, A. D. 1902.

THE following matters having been presented for probate, it is hereby ordered that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Ellsworth American, a newspaper published at Ellsworth, in said county, that they may appear at a probate court to be held at Ellsworth, on the 27th day of August, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Edwin R. Humphrey, late of Eden, in said county, deceased. A certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, presented by John E. Barker, Jr.

Israel Durgan, late of Hancock, in said county, deceased. A certain instrument purporting to be a copy of the codicil to the last will and testament of said deceased, presented by Maria A. Durgan, the executrix therein named.

Silas K. Tribou, late of Bucksport, in said county, deceased. A certain instrument purporting to be a copy of the codicil to the last will and testament of said deceased, presented by John E. Barker, Jr., legatees under said codicil.

Daniel Carter, late of Bluehill, in said county, deceased. Petition that R. E. Mace or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Lillia A. Inman, a daughter of said deceased.

William L. Fredericks, late of Ellsworth, in said county, deceased. Petition that Lynwood F. Giles or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Lynwood F. Giles, a creditor of said deceased.

George H. Mace, late of Aurora, in said county, deceased. Petition that Geo. M. Warren or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Fred Mace, a brother of said deceased.

John H. Phillips, late of Ellsworth, in said county, deceased. Petition that Benj. F. Phillips or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Benj. F. Phillips, a creditor of said deceased.

William L. Sullivan, late of Sullivan, in said county, deceased. Petition that Bedford E. Tracy or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Geneva A. Sargent, widow of said deceased.

Albert B. Staples, late of Sedgewick, in said county, deceased. Petition that Geo. M. Warren or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Ernest Staples, an heir of said deceased.

Porter M. Staples, late of Penobscot, in said county, deceased. Petition that Joseph M. Hutchins or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Everett J. Snow, a creditor of said deceased.

Thomas S. Fidele, late of Stonington,

THE AMERICAN has subscribers at 106 of the 116 post-offices in Hancock county; all the other papers in the county combined do not reach so many. THE AMERICAN is not the only paper printed in Hancock county, and has never claimed to be, but it is the only paper that can properly be called a COUNTY paper; all the rest are merely local papers. The circulation of THE AMERICAN, barring the Bar Harbor Record's summer list, is larger than that of all the other papers printed in Hancock county.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News see other pages.

Prospect Harbor.

Fred Handy, of Portland, arrived Thursday to join his family at Mrs. M. A. Handy's.

Henry Bryant and wife are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

E. F. Ray and F. F. Larabee have gone on a fishing expedition in the vicinity of Mopang lake.

Miss Grace Moore left for Boston Tuesday. She will spend the summer at Bethlehem in the White Mountains.

Through the kindness of W. F. Bruce, a small party enjoyed a buckboard ride to Gupilli's farm in Gouldsboro, on Wednesday night. They were hospitably received and enjoyed a fine treat and received some of Mrs. Gupilli's pretty roses to bring home.

Halcyon assembly of Pythian sisterhood had its semi-annual installation at the last regular meeting, Tuesday evening, P. C. Mrs. L. P. Cole installing officer. The following officers were installed: P. C., Mrs. J. M. Williams; C. C., Mrs. Alfred Hamilton; V. C., Mrs. Welch Moore; P. M., Mrs. Charles Blance; M. of F., Miss Alice Joy; M. of E., Mrs. C. C. Larabee; K. of R. and S., Miss Julia Gupilli; M. at A., Mrs. F. C. Bickford; A. M. at A., Mrs. J. B. Cole; I. G., Mrs. Marcellus Tracy; O. G., Miss Frances Cole; M. O., Miss Bessie Crowley; O. Mrs. Walter Young. The retiring P. C., Sister Mrs. N. H. Cole, was presented with a jewel of her office. The stations were decorated with cut flowers in appropriate colors, and a treat was offered during the evening. The ladies were gowned in light colors, and many wore white.

July 12. C.

Miss Vida Cleaves arrived from Boston Saturday for her vacation.

Miss Effie Pendleton, of Winter Harbor, is a guest at Capt. Deasy's.

G. P. Cleaves and Miss Isabel Cleaves came home from Bar Harbor and remained over Sunday at their father's, E. W. Cleaves.

Capt. R. H. Allen, who has been a passenger with his son, Capt. J. M. Allen, on the "Kenwood", since last fall, returned home Saturday.

W. P. Hewins is showing some fine strawberries. They were picked from vines set out this season. Many of them measure four and three-eighths inches around.

Schoolhouse, K. of P., had its installation at its last regular meeting, Saturday night. The following officers were installed: C. C., William H. Moore; V. C., John M. Williams; prel., John F. Perry; K. of R. and S., John W. Noonan; M. of F., Alfred Hamilton; M. of E., Louis P. Cole; M. of W., Marcellus Tracy; M. at A., Fred Tracy; I. G., Lewis Noonan; O. G., Austin Tracy.

July 14. C.

East Bluehill.

Mrs. G. G. Long is seriously ill.

Capt. Byron E. Young is gradually failing.

Schooner "Maud S." sailed to-day for Rockland.

Ellis Stansfield came home from Kittery last Wednesday.

S. Watson Cousins went to Redstone, N. H., last Monday.

E. Flynn, of Waltham, Mass., is visiting at William N. York's.

Miss Emma Rowe and Harvey P. Long left this morning for Hallowell.

Miss Cora Perkins, of North Penobscot, is the guest of Mrs. Cyrus A. Cook.

John W. Cousins, wife and child, who have been visiting at Marshville, returned last Wednesday.

Schooner "Maud S." Ralph Long master, arrived from Portland last Tuesday with freight for the stores.

Howard P. Greer, George E. Hardy and Charles E. Simpson, jr., went to Stonington to work last Wednesday.

George E. Marks returned to Stonington last Monday. His family went yesterday. They expect to remain during the summer.

Mrs. Lafayette Cole and child, of Marshville, arrived last Wednesday. They are visiting Mrs. George B. Cousins and other relatives.

July 14. G.

West Brooksville.

Herbert Lord and family, of Rockland, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isiah Lord.

William Smith, of Bangor, and Harold Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were the guests of J. F. Smith last week.

Miss Grace Lord, who has been visiting friends here the past week, returned to her home in Bath this morning.

Charles Woodward, wife and sons Merion and Paul, of East Princeton, Mass., are the guests of Capt. Jerome P. Tapley and wife.

Schooner "Lizzie J. Clark", Capt. Condon, from Portland, after discharging corn and meal at Wasson's wharf for O. L. Tapley, proceeded to Buck's Harbor, where she will lay moored while the captain is doing his buying.

July 14. TOMSON.

Poisoning the System.

It is through the bowels that the body is cleansed of impurities. Constipation keeps these poisons in the system, often causing serious illness. DeWitt's Little Early Risers prevent this by stimulating the liver and promote easy action of the bowels. Safe pills. They never gripe.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News see other pages.

South Surry.

Mrs. Sarah Treworgy is at home for a needed rest.

Willis Rich has given his house a new coat of paint.

Mrs. Sarah Bent, of Boston, recently visited Mrs. Lydia Treworgy.

Miss Mattie Grindle has gone to Bar Harbor to work for her sister.

W. P. Stewart and wife, of New York, are at Gable Villa, their summer home.

Joseph Bonsey and wife, of Bucksport, lately visited his brother, J. A. Bonsey.

Miss Effie Morgan, of Bar Harbor, is visiting her grandparents, G. F. Smith and wife.

Mrs. E. H. Torrey, accompanied by her granddaughter, has returned from New Hampshire.

Mrs. Laura Treworgy is at Bar Harbor caring for her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Mann, who is quite ill.

Willard Young had a tumor removed from his shoulder by Dr. J. F. Manning, a short time ago.

Miss Ora Grindle, who has been employed in Massachusetts the past winter, is at home on a vacation.

Miss George Ellis who has been with her aunt in East Bucksport some time, came home a few days ago.

Mrs. E. G. Swett, of Portland, and daughters, Miss Ethel and Mrs. Dewey, are guests of Mrs. Aseneth Curtis.

Little Miss Amy Bellamy, of Ellsworth, has been visiting her grandparents, C. B. Coggins and wife, the past two weeks.

Harvey Candage has finished haying. Some others are well under way in the hay field, and others have not yet commenced.

July 14.

South Deer Isle.

Miss Alice Robbins is spending a few days with Miss Genevieve Allen at Brooksville.

Edward Parker and Arthur Hutchins, of Mountville, have been at work here this week.

Gustavus Mitchell and wife arrived from Yarmouth Sunday, to remain through the haying season.

Mrs. Susan Robbins and her little grandson, Raymond Shaw, arrived here Thursday to spend the season at her home here.

Mrs. V. Goss and Mrs. Fred Weed made a call here Monday. They enjoyed the new-mown hay and wild roses to the utmost.

Mrs. D. J. Sawyer, of Jonesport, whose tragic death was noted in last week's AMERICAN, was the daughter of a former pastor of this place, and a very estimable lady. Her friends have the sympathy of all.

July 12.

Haying commenced Monday with a good crop in most places. The mercury reached 92 in the shade Wednesday, which was fine for the hay, but hard on the hay-makers. Most of the amount cut was taken in in good order before the storm of Thursday.

The scribe was sorry to hear that Mr. Titus had left THE AMERICAN office. Soon after he took the local department of the paper, he canvassed this place, and the writer enjoyed a very pleasant call from him, and later an editorial acquaintance was formed which made him seem like a personal friend. Best wishes go with him to his new place of business.

July 12. Ego.

Ona.

Schoo's closed last week, taught by Miss Ruth Warren and Miss Ethel Young.

The celebration the 4th at Young's grove was a grand success in every way.

Percy Grover, who came home for the Fourth, returned to Bar Harbor Tuesday.

Mrs. Nellie Gilman, of Waterville, is stopping at W. W. Tibbetts' through July.

Miss Carrie Tibbetts is home from Lawrence, Mass., for a vacation of two months.

Mrs. Lizzie Johnson, of Scarborough, is visiting her father, C. O. Blaisdell, after an absence of fifteen years.

Miss Blanche Kincaid, of Waltham, Mass., is spending her vacation with her parents, Bert Kincaid and wife.

Fred and Edgar Robbins, with their families, have moved from Bar Harbor to the home of their father, Byron Robbins.

Mrs. Josie Smith, of Bucksport, with her baby boy, returned to her home last Saturday, after a two weeks' visit to her parents, Aaron Salisbury and wife.

July 11. D.

Bluehill Falls.

John Kane has gone to Swan's Island.

Miss Grace Kane is visiting in Sedgwick.

Albert Conary is employed at Sedgwick with E. P. Currier.

Mrs. Hannah Eaton, of Sedgwick, spent the Sabbath with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley and family have returned to their home in Milbridge.

Mrs. Annie Duffy, of Granite, spent a few days with friends here last week.

Mrs. Ross Briggs, of Fall River, Mass., arrived at her father's, Stillman Candage, Thursday.

Mrs. Temple, evangelist, of Boston, held a meeting in the schoolhouse Wednesday night.

Rufus Chastio is having some changes made in his barn. Frank and Eugene Candage, of South Bluehill, are doing the work.

Raymond, little son of H. D. Friend, of Brookton, Mass., visited his grandfather, D. P. Friend, and his aunt, Mrs. Alden Conary, last week.

July 14. SUB.

North Lamoine.

Miss Gussie Graves has been visiting at Bar Harbor the past week.

Mrs. Bertha Ward, of Madison, has been visiting her parents the past week.

Your correspondent was recently presented with a sample of fruit from A. E. Sargent's fruit garden. They were

mammoth strawberries of the Nick Omer and Atlantic varieties.

Capt. Frank Gilpatrick arrived home from New Haven last week in a naphtha launch that he has recently purchased.

July 14. Y.

South Penobscot.

Mrs. Helen Wescott is on the sick list.

Rev. E. K. Drew and wife are home from their vacation.

Ernest Perkins has been confined to the house with a severe cold.

Burton Snowman and his sister Helen were visiting friends here last week.

Miss Phila Roberts has gone to Buck's Mills to visit her friend, Helen M. Snowman.

Horace Perkins and wife, of Waterville, have been stopping at Mitchell's hotel the past week.

Miss Mary Lymburner, of Brooksville, has been visiting Miss Mary H. Perkins and her sister, Mrs. Abby P. Babson.

Mrs. Brainard Condon and son Guy have gone to Waltham, Mass., to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Belle Allen.

Capt. Ernest Perkins and his brother David are home from a voyage to the west coast of Africa in the schooner "Alice J. Crabtree".

July 14. CLIMAX.

Lamoine.

Miss Stella King has employment as stenographer at Bar Harbor.

Miss Merrill, of Hebron, is the guest of her schoolmate, Miss Clara Hodgkins.

Mrs. Addie Reynolds and daughter Miss Grace are occupying their home here for the season.

Mrs. J. W. Beadon, Mrs. Rose Holt and son Francis, of Minneapolis, are the guests of Mrs. F. D. Hodgkins.

Mrs. Maggie Whitaker, of Massachusetts, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mary H. Coolidge.

The junior picnic was enjoyed by about forty juniors and several adults. A picnic dinner and supper, games, races, etc. made an attractive programme.

Prof. Arthur Reynolds, of Pinkerton academy, Derry, N. H., his wife, and infant daughter Ruth Agnes arrived in town Friday, and will spend the summer with Mrs. Reynolds' parents, W. F. Hutchings and wife.

July 12.

Ashville.

Miss Belle Hall, of Sorrento, was in town Wednesday, the guest of F. B. Hall.

C. G. Small, of the firm of Hanna & Small, of East Sullivan, visited his home Sunday.

Miss Julia Bunker, accompanied by her friend Miss Elizabeth Rose, visited Miss Baldwin at Bangor last Wednesday.

J. D. Holmes, wife and daughter, of Bangor, came Friday to spend the summer in their cottage on Bridgman's hill.

F. F. Hodgkins, who is employed at Hanna & Small's at East Sullivan, spent Sunday with his parents, E. H. Hodgkins and wife.

Schooner "Susan Frances" arrived Saturday night from Portland with freight for E. J. Robertson, L. M. Bunker and Hanna Bros., of East Sullivan.

George H. Tracy, of West Sullivan, who has had an operation performed at the Bar Harbor hospital, is visiting his brother, John H. Tracy. Mr. Tracy is doing nicely after the operation.

July 14. B.

North Castine.

John P. Leach, of Camden, arrived Saturday.

Frank Treworgy, of Kansas, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

William Dunbar has gone on a short coasting trip with Capt. Walter Wilson.

Miss Josephine Dunbar has closed her school at Vinalhaven and is now visiting there.

Capt. Roland Wardwell has been drawn as juror for the Treworgy trial, and will leave for Ellsworth Monday.

Mrs. Frank Dunbar and Mrs. Charles Wardwell, who spent the week of the Fourth at Vinalhaven, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Demansky and family, of Boston, are here for their usual summer outing, and are occupying the residence of Mrs. George Wilson, of Portland.

Miss Phebe Leach, of Boston, accompanied by her nephews, Wheelock and Fred Hinkley, came Thursday to spend her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Mary L. Leach.

July 14. I.

West Eden.

Mrs. Priscilla Lurvey lost a valuable cow last Wednesday.

Mrs. Ida Rich has gone to Bar Harbor to spend a week with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Gonyea.

Winfield Higgins and his sister Myra A., of Springfield, Mass., are here visiting their parents.

Edgar Higgins and wife, of Elgin, Ill., who have been visiting friends and relatives, returned home last Thursday.

A horse belonging to Mr. Norwood, the Southwest Harbor stage driver, was taken ill on the road, and died at night at G. N. Rich's stable.

Charles Higgins, Rodney Stover and Richard Haynes, who are employed in the watch factory at Waltham, Mass., have been spending their vacation with their parents. They return to-day.

July 12. S.

Eden.

Herman Willey, of Bar Harbor, spent Sunday with friends here.

John Donovan and wife, of Ellsworth, spent Sunday with friends here.

Moses Hodgkins, wife and daughter, of Massachusetts, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Annie McKay, who has been visiting her sister in Winter Harbor, returned Saturday.

There is to be a dance in Eden park hall Friday evening, July 18. Good music will be furnished.

July 14.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News, see other pages.

Hannet.

Miss Grace Morris, who is employed at Northeast Harbor, spent Sunday at home.

The Baptist society will hold a sale of ice-cream and home-made candy on the lawn at the parsonage Friday evening.

H. J. Emery and wife, Miss Callie Emery, Percy Dunbar, of Bar Harbor, spent Sunday with Clarence Emery and wife.

Rev. Dean Walker, of the Southwest Harbor Congregational church, preached an interesting sermon here Sunday morning in exchange with Rev. Clarence Emery.

Dr. Edwin Fletcher and mother, who have taken the Charles Stanley cottage for the season, are much pleased with their stay here and will doubtless be regular visitors.

There were no services at the church Sunday evening. A union service was held at the Union church at Southwest Harbor, at which Rev. J. R. Boardman, travelling secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, addressed the meeting on "What the Y. M. C. A. is doing for the Young Men of the Smaller Communities". All who availed themselves of the privilege of attending this service were much pleased.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Ocean House—Miss H. E. Gilman, Miss Julia Gilman, George M. Amerigo, Boston; K. H. Malone, Marquette, Mich.; Miss L. C. Mariotte, New York city; Thomas E. Jewett and wife, Salem, Mass.; Miss E. Belle Woodman, Miss Clara Stillman, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. W. W. Prentiss, Mrs. C. H. Prentiss, Holyoke, Mass.; Lillian M. Thorpe, Margaret A. Lawless, Minnie M. Meeks, Indian Orchard, Mass.; Amanda L. Colton, Hattie M. Colton, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. William Robinson, Ella M. Robinson, Lawrence, Mass.; H. C. Zimmerman, Washington, D. C.; Amy Billings, Louise Macbe, Springfield, Mass.; Helen Lintwiler, Newton Highlands, Mass.; Amelia Montgomery, Matilda Montgomery, Eleanor Montgomery, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Gordon, Gloucester, Mass.; C. A. Lyon and wife, Elizabeth L. Clark, Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Mrs. J. G. Clark, Bangor; H. E. Smith and wife, Woburn, Mass.; A. A. Smith, Malden, Mass.; Henry G. York and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.; Albert J. Kern and wife, Hilda Kern, Jamaica, N. Y.; Miss G. A. Allen, Mrs. C. Carpenter.

Stanley House—C. H. C. Wright, Charles L. Bouton, Cambridge, Mass.; W. W. Egbert and wife, Miss Egbert, Montclair, N. J.; Roger Derby, Miss A. D. Mills, Miss S. L. Mills, Boston; W. W. Coolidge and wife, Swan's Island; John C. Main and wife, New York; Mr. and Miss Wilson, Washington, D. C.

July 14. E.

Reach.

Bradford Torrey and Alvah W. Gray are very ill.

Mrs. Willis Greenlaw, of South Deer Isle, is visiting Mrs. Nancy Greenlaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade, of Malden, Mass., are at Mrs. Clara Holden's this summer.

Ten rusticators from Malden, Mass., are occupying Mrs. Lunette Borden's house.

Capt. Frank A. Torrey and son Sheldon, of Sedgwick, were the guests of W. P. Lowe last week.

Mrs. Angeline Eaton, of Little Deer Isle, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. S. Eaton, on Campbell's Neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe, of Gardiner, Mass., with their family, are occupying the Wellington cottage at Mill Grove.

Capt. Isaac G. Gray left here last Monday for Baltimore to take command of a steam yacht, and bring her to Boston.

July 11. M. L.

West Franklin.

Miss Cora Whittaker is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ned Coombe.

George H. Springer is at home from East Franklin to get his hay.

Capt. A. P. Dyer is at home awaiting the settlement of the coal strike.

Sidney Butler lost a cow Saturday by breaking her leg in the pasture.

Reuben Clark's family is up from Bar Harbor on a visit to Mrs. Clark's mother.

Ned Coombs has a crew scowling wood to Sullivan and Hancock Point for S. S. Scammon.

One of the deputies killed by the outlaw Tracy, of Washington state—John Williams—was born in this town.

The stove crew at E. G. Burnham's new mill sawed 52,000 staves last week. If this record is beaten by any crew in town they will let out a peg.

July 14. CH'E'ER.

Mr. Desort.

We wish success to Mr. Titus in his new work.

Mrs. A. G. Saunders left to-day for Boston and vicinity.

Miss Nay, of Cambridgeport, Mass., arrived Saturday, and is visiting Miss Lawson.

Mrs. J. A. Lethleog, of Brewer, with her three children, is visiting her parents, L. H. Somes and wife.

G. F. Arnold and wife, of Brookline, Mass., will not occupy "Camp Taylor" this season; they are in England.

Mrs. H. H. Leavitt and two children Darwin and Mira, accompanied by their

Advertisements.

DOCTORS

say "Consumption can be cured." Nature alone won't do it. It needs help. Doctors say

"Scott's Emulsion is the best help." But you must continue its use even in hot weather.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

Advertisements.

HIS INHERITANCE

By : : : : :
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The tones of the elder man's voice ceased, and to John Ringwood, standing before him, it seemed that the whole world was suddenly enveloped in a mist of red shame. When Ringwood spoke, his accents were curiously quiet and constrained, for was he not addressing Molly's father?

"And so," he said, wondering vaguely if he were the same John Ringwood who ten minutes ago had asked so hopefully for the girl's hand—"and so, sir, this is your objection to me—because my father was a—a coward?"

The word came out with a gasping sound—"you think I must be one also!"

"Blood tells," returned Henry Morris hoarsely. "But remember, lad, I would never have forced this painful knowledge of mine on you if you had not compelled me to say why I could not trust my girl to you. Your father's shame, known only to you and me, would have slept with him in his grave but—you would know?"

"That will do," said Ringwood thickly. "I am my father's son, as you say. There is no chance here, or I might prove to you that God does not always make us mere copies of those who go before. But that is idle. There is one thing—when I am gone tell Molly that I loved her, that I asked for her hand, but that there was a—a barrier between us. She shall not think I was making summer love to her. She shall not hate me for that."

"Very well," said the elder man grimly. "But if I had known the girl would interest herself in the first good looking stranger thrown at my gates by a broken ankle I would have taken preventive measures long ago."

"I will take the stage tomorrow," pursued Ringwood. "Until then I must trespass on your hospitality."

"And welcome," said Morris heartily. "You've met what I said like a man here's my hand."

"Is that necessary," returned the other briefly. "You may as well avoid contamination when you have condemned another into hereditary leprosy."

Morris left the taunt unanswered, and just then the library door swung open, and a curly haired boy of sixteen pushed in with spoiled freedom.

"Everything's gone to sleep on the ranch," he said pettishly. "When's Markham and Molly coming home?"

"Your brother said he would bring your sister home by 8 o'clock," returned Morris.

"Gracious! I hope he will," said the boy. "But she said they might cut across to Denham's. She wanted to see old Aunt Hannah or some such nonsense. I told her she was going after one of Hannah's love charms, and she turned as red as you please."

"Try to talk sense," said his father irritably, and Ringwood crossed to the west window and stood watching the sunset fires die to an ashen gray.

"So rose the fire of my hopes," he thought. "Like this, it died in bitter ashes—died to my father's level! The son, O God, of—a coward!"

Eight o'clock came, but neither the elder son nor Molly Morris had returned. At 9 a negro groom brought a note saying they would sleep that night at the Denhams, some fifteen miles away. A thrill half anguish, half relief, shot through Ringwood. Best, indeed, that they should never meet again. He would take the stage early next morning.

Then on the heels of the negro stumbled in Lee Hung, the cook, who had been granted an afternoon off. Blinded to the palest of yellows, he stammered out a tale in his almost incomprehensible lingo which, translated, ran as follows:

Coming home on foot, he was aware of a tiny fire at the foot of Sevier's canyon. Inspired by ancestral deities, he had crept up to overhear the strangers converse. Developed they had learned of Markham Morris' deposit that day with the express agent at Ravenswood; that they resolved that this money would circulate better at home and had shot the unfortunate express agent through his window, dead men being proverbially close mouthed; had seized the packet, which waited the midnight express, and now only tarried the rising of the moon.

Young Morris went white with rage and despair. That package stood between his family and financial ruin. His eyes flashed.

"Of course we'll get it back, dad, at once."

"Yes, lad, Lee Hung, how many men were there?"

"Allee samee fingers one hand—no thumb."

"Four. I'm sorry your brother isn't here, Stanley. You are a bit young for such work. The foot of Sevier canyon. Let's see; we can be on them in half an hour."

"Take the short cut through the canyon, dad, and we can be at 'em in twenty-five minutes."

"No," said his father decisively. "To ride through that canyon trail at full speed means almost certain death. Quick, Lee Hung, and you, boy," to the negro, "saddle Prince and Firebrand. Stanley, help me get the pistols and a rifle for each."

Only two horses! Young Morris flashed an astounded look on their guest. Was that dogged indifference real? Of course nothing was expected from Lee or the negro, but this handsome Saxon with frank gray eyes—could he fall them in such need?

But Morris understood. This was

Ringwood's bitter revenge for the stinging brand put on him. The former checked Stanley when he would have addressed Ringwood, and presently father and son swung into their saddles and galloped down the road.

As they vanished in the faint light Ringwood rushed for the barn, loosening his pistols in his belt as he ran. The two servants watched him scornfully as he saddled his gray with incredible swiftness.

"Marse Ringwood scared de fight run down dis way," muttered Sam. "He des nuttin' but trash, fo' all he so good lookin'. Gord A'mighty, I wish all de boys wasn't gone! Whar ebberbody, Lee?"

"Allee samee time off 'cept hunt hills," was the brief return, which meant that some of the men had an afternoon and the rest were after some refractory cattle in the hills.

"Marse Ringwood gone like de debble after him," growled Sam. And indeed the gray was flying at terrible speed.

The far, dim starlight sifted reluctantly down, and the horse's feet reached the ground more by instinct than sight. Ringwood bent over his neck, jockey fashion. For a scant two miles they kept to a badly marked road, then before them yawned the mouth of Sevier canyon, the broken trail merely a gray pencil mark among jagged bowlders and treacherous wave washed stones, rounded by old world floods.

A second the gray hesitated, and in that second Ringwood distinctly heard again Morris' voice:

"To ride through that trail at speed means almost certain death!" And he exulted that the words flowed in his soul like wine. Then he drove the reins in his horse's flanks, and the gray in generous anger plunged down the canyon way at top speed, every beat of his steel shod hoofs striking fire from the rocks. Now they crossed a bed of clay worn slimly smooth by the soft lapping of the low stream, and here a goat might have fallen and taken no shame to himself, but the gray had that superb and rare quality which carries through everything; he believed in himself. Presently nine-tenths of the canyon were behind them, though the frowning walls yet hung above.

Once a panther hissed like an infuriated cat in their way, but the oncoming might of the two daunted her, and she fled ignominiously to the recesses of the cliff sides and mouthed resentfully after them, dragging behind her a tail twice its natural size.

But now open woods, the canyon was in the rear, and before Ringwood a tiny fire, with a crude half tent hugging it, and in its shelter four men. Thanks to the half mile of soft earth between them and the canyon, thanks to a quarrel already bred among them, they did not hear Ringwood until he was bearing down upon them, not fifty yards away.

Then they acted in unison. Four rifles were cocked, a challenge rang out:

"Stop or—"

It might be a harmless passing stranger, and they did not care for the noise of a fusillade just now.

The answer came clearly on the wind: "D—n you! Throw up your hands!" a command they thought unnecessary, as their hands were up and their rifles in them. They answered with a fourfold volley of shots. In the next instant the gray was on them, and in the chaos that ensued Ringwood was only conscious that he got in several shots, that the butt of his pistol had proved quite useful, that two forms had clung to his knees and had gone down, that the badly scattered fire was catching the edge of the tent, and then he and the gray went down in their turn together, Ringwood oddly thankful (perhaps from the tent fire) swam before his eyes, that the nearest robber made a soft cushion. Then fire and sparks went out blackly.

When light came again, the moon was pouring down her full splendor. Over him bent two anxious faces, while his own reeked of the whisky used to bathe his forehead and temples. A sigh of relief hailed his open eyes.

"Thank God!" sobbed Stanley. "I thought he was gone! And after setting the four of them!"

"No, only stunned," returned their patient, rising obstinately to his feet, but glad to cling to the nearest saddle to steady himself, the earth whirled round so strangely. "I am all right, Mr. Morris. Don't trouble yourself any further by coddling—the son of a coward."

Stanley stared, then said nervously: "By Jove, he's off his head!" But his father answered by taking the tall figure in his arms.

"Lad," he said brokenly, "I've learned my lesson. A man is just himself, after all—not his father or his grandfather—and I'm hoping my boys may be towards some day like you."

The Prisoner's Retort.

The chaplain of the house of correction, South Boston, frequently has amusing experiences with the prisoners who come under his care. He is required by law to have an interview with every man whose time has expired and who is about to leave the house. It is the chaplain's duty to give the departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future.

In the course of one of these interviews the chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative, the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

But Morris understood. This was

CLEVER MANAGER.

PARTICIPATION OF EX-GOV.
BURLIEGH IN POLITICS.QUIET WORKER AT CAPITAL—HAS
MAINTAINED REPUTATION AS
AN ORGANIZER.

[Washington Post.]

Men of many brilliant talents have been sent to Congress from the little State of Maine, far down east. With occasional exceptions, they are the pick from as sturdy and brainy a race as flourishes anywhere, and, once surviving the ordeal of a nominating convention, come to the House of Representatives for practically a life tenure. It has long ceased to be a marvel that such men come to the front.

When the break first came in the famous delegation of four Maine republicans who were new members twenty years ago, the vacancy was filled almost unanimously with a strong party leader, whose name for ten years had been almost a household word in the Pine Tree State. He was then known all over New England as one of the best organizers in all that section, a man of honorable political methods, unusually quiet in his execution of plans, but uniformly successful.

As modest and courteous a figure as one would come across in a day's travel, but with commanding presence, he took the oath of office on a July day five years ago.

tion. The battle that ensued was a notable one in Maine political annals, probably the fiercest and most hotly-contested of any for congressional honors since Maine became a State in 1820.

Mr. Miliken was a man of strong popular traits. He knew nearly every voter in the district, which comprises a portion of the counties that Blaine represented many years, during which he was three times speaker of the national House. Burleigh had an acquaintance equally wide. The laurels of two terms as governor, which had been exceptionally successful terms, were fresh upon him. His organization was supported by warm personal friends in every town and hamlet in that thrifty Yankee section. The final result was a victory for Mr. Miliken by a very narrow margin, one of the other candidates throwing his strength to him in order to bring about his nomination.

HIS PARTY LOYALTY.

How clearly Gov. Burleigh had foreseen the final outcome of the contest in its closing days is evident from the fact that he had at that time already in type an editorial for his paper, the Kennebec Journal, exhorting the republicans of the Third district to give the nominee of their party a united and cordial support. There was no personal bitterness because of the campaign. Gov. Burleigh and Mr. Miliken were good friends till the day of the latter's death. In fact, Mr. Miliken's last dinner in Maine was eaten at the governor's residence. When the vacancy arose Gov. Burleigh was eventually nomi-

lated by acclamation in the summer of 1897. There were two or three other candidates at the start, but they promptly withdrew, the game fight he had made five years before having convinced the people of the district that he was entitled to the nomination.

It is a striking coincidence that the very few good political generals in the House are men of quiet demeanor. None could be more so than Gov. Burleigh. He is modest almost to a fault, yields gracefully to his elders in congressional service, but withal is the most tenacious of men in carrying out what he undertakes. When one would think him in retreat he is doubling on his tracks and preparing for an assault with new energy. He went diligently about the unpretentious duties of serving his constituents as soon as he arrived in Washington, and kept piling up results, which increased his reputation at home for usefulness.

Whether it was a question of better postal facilities for some little farming community on the northern border of his district, or urging the interests of the great granite quarries along the Maine coast in some government contract, he watched the matter with the same zeal.

When the appointments for the select committee on census were made in the Fifty-sixth Congress, Burleigh was named as next to the last of the republican members. This did not happen by accident. In 1890 Reed and Dingley had exerted themselves to the utmost to carry an apportionment bill in the House that would insure for ten years more four representatives for Maine. In many states, especially those of large representation, a reduction of one member would be regarded as a trifling matter; but it has been a question of great moment in Maine, where the pride in the congressional delegation is very great.

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The turning point in that contest came in the census committee. Chairman Hopkins, of Illinois, had a bill for 357 members, as at present, based on a population of 238,568 for each member. Gov. Burleigh had a bill providing for 386 members, based upon a population of 194,132, the smallest number that would allow Maine to retain four members of the House. When the day for voting in the committee came there was pending a third proposition to amend the Hopkins bill, so as to provide for a membership of 373, based upon a population of 199,508. This would have taken care of all the states represented by members of the committee, with the single exception of Maine. All were playing politics, and

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From Harper's Weekly.

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the argument was circulated quietly that if the intermediate proposition were adopted it would be a step toward a larger representation, such as the Burleigh bill proposed, when the apportionment was taken up in the House.

The committee of thirteen was almost equally divided. At Gov. Burleigh's request, Chairman Hopkins agreed to vote on the Burleigh bill, the intermediate proposition, and the Hopkins bill in the order named. The Burleigh bill was beaten—7 to 6—and so was the intermediate proposition. That was where the surprise came. All his friends supported the intermediate proposition, which would have cared for their states, but to their amazement, he voted against it. Hot words were spoken after that vote, but Burleigh stuck by his position. He had canvassed the probabilities the previous evening with his own delegation, and reached a perfect understanding as to what he should do in that very contingency. "If the intermediate proposition had carried, Maine would have been weakened by the loss of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and South Carolina," said he afterward. Then the Hopkins bill was adopted by a vote of 7 to 6, and the committee went before the House with a report divided on those lines as between the two extreme propositions.

It was known long ago how the House decided by a good majority for the Burleigh plan. Not a cog slipped in the arrangements. The voters in Maine have not gotten over rejoicing yet at the way the governor carried out his apportionment campaign.

AS A BUSINESS MAN.

Burleigh has been a business man all his life. He has for years been largely interested in the wild lands of his native State, especially in Aroostook county, but he never purchased timber land without first making a personal inspection of the property, and it is said of him that he never lost a dollar through those transactions. His father, Hon. Parker Prescott Burleigh, who died at a ripe old age a few months ago, was his predecessor in similar undertakings.

Gov. Burleigh was interested with his brother in constructing the Bangor and Aroostook railroad into the Aroostook wilderness, a development that has marked an era in the upbuilding of that wonderful section of the State. This brother, Albert A. Burleigh, was the first president of the railroad. For a number of years past Gov. Burleigh's chief interest had centered in his newspaper, the Kennebec Journal, one of the strong and influential republican papers of Maine. In this property he owns a controlling interest. Associated with him in its ownership and management are his son, Clarence B. Burleigh, who holds the position of managing editor, and Charles F. Flynt, a practical printer of long experience, who is in immediate charge of the business department.

When Congress is not in session the governor will be pretty sure to be found at his desk in the Journal building, or in the private office of his summer cottage on the shores of the beautiful Lake Umbagog, where he spends a portion of the summer months with his family.

HIS HOME LIFE.

It is in his home, surrounded by his children and grandchildren that Gov. Burleigh is seen at his best. He is a dear lover of little ones, and is never happier than when enjoying a romp with his grandchildren. Their noise and play never disturb him or Mrs. Burleigh, nor are they ever too busy to listen to their confidences and enter with cordial sympathy into their plans. Both believe in giving the children a good time, and nothing pleases them more than to see them enjoying themselves. It is not surprising, therefore, that the members of their family count the days when they are absent, and that a loyal welcome always awaits them on their return.

Gov. Burleigh was elected to the governorship of Maine in 1888 after holding, for nearly the full constitutional period, the office of State treasurer. A tireless worker, with a physique that would do credit now to a professional athlete, although he is at present nearly fifty-nine years old, his administration was distinctly a constructive one.

Portland, the largest city in the State, and its chief commercial centre, has long been desirous of becoming also the seat of government. The matter culminated, and was finally settled, while he was governor, and very largely through his efforts. He threw into the spirited contest that was waged on this question not only the strength of his own personality, but also the influence of his newspaper, which has always been a powerful factor in molding public sentiment in Maine.

Not only did the State capital remain at Augusta, but on the recommendation of Gov. Burleigh, and in the face of a determined opposition, a substantial appropriation was made to enlarge and remodel it.

HIS FAMILY.

Here in Washington Gov. Burleigh is an example, but not in an intolerant way, of the wholesome Puritan style of living, which is so generally cherished by the people of Maine. Mrs. Burleigh was his playmate and schoolmate when they were children together in Lincoln, Me. The other members of the Maine delegation say she is even a better politician than he. "If a man is foolish enough to go into politics," is her comment, "why, it is a wife's duty to stand by him." Thoroughly a domestic woman, proud of her six sons and daughters, five of whom are married and living in what was formerly one ward of Augusta city, she nevertheless has found time, while dispensing a fine hospitality as mistress of the governor's household, to become acquainted with nearly every one of prominence in the State, and she keeps up with political conditions.

One son-in-law, Hon. Byron Boyd, is secretary of state. Their only unmarried daughter, Miss Ethelyn, has lived in Washington with them with the exception of the past winter, during which she pursued a course of study in New York.

FAVORS PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

There is no claptrap in Gov. Burleigh's philosophy about the District of Colum-

bia. He believes in the future of the federal capital as far and away the finest city in the world. As one of the leading members of the committee on public buildings and grounds, he has stood for liberal appropriations for government and District of Columbia structures. Among the provisions of the Merceur law, recently enacted, were authorizations for nearly \$200,000 in buildings for his own State, \$150,000 of which were for a large postoffice at Augusta, and a small sum toward a public building at Bar Harbor, which is in his district, and the summer home of numerous Washingtonians. When he first came here he began to ask for a good sum to complete the improvements on the Kennebec river, an historic and important commercial waterway of the State. This request was lately realized in an appropriation of \$51,000.

Toward the advancement of the State as a paradise for sportsmen he has been an active worker, sending hundreds of thousands of fish from the commission here to stock the lakes and rivers, which are numerous in central Maine, more so perhaps, than in any other similar area in the world.

A MODERATE SPORTSMAN.

He takes an almost boyish pleasure, whenever opportunity affords, in fishing the trout brooks of his native State. He likes also to hunt partridges, but cares nothing for large game, and frankly admits that he could never derive any pleasure from shooting a deer.

The session just closed has been an exceedingly busy one for Gov. Burleigh, and he is a happy man now that he is again in the rugged Down East state he loves so well, and whose interests he has served with untiring zeal and fidelity.

Lieut. Gov. Woodruff relates that while abroad last summer, in one of his walks through London, he saw a church, the principal entrance of which was undergoing repairs. Over the door, cut in the stone, appeared the words, "The Gate of Heaven," while underneath this was fastened a card bearing the notice, "No admittance for one week. Please go around to the other door."

Vacation Days.

Vacation time is here and the children are fairly living out of doors. You need only to guard against the accidents incidental to most open air sports. No remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for quickly stopping pain or removing danger from cuts, scalds and wounds. Sure cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of the inflammation. Beware of counterfeits.

Legal Notices.

STATE OF MAINE.

To the Honorable, the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the county of Hancock: I RESPECTFULLY represent, EUGENE W. Hale, of Dover, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, one of the executors of the hereinafter named testatrix, that May W. Bowler, late of Eden, in said county, died on the twenty-second day of August, A. D. 1901.

That at a probate court held on the first day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, Robert Bonner Bowler, of Clifton, in the State of Massachusetts, were duly appointed executors of said May W. Bowler and accepted said trust.

That the said executors have returned to said probate court, on oath, an inventory of all the property and estate of said deceased within the State of Maine that has come into their possession or knowledge.

That your petitioner is informed and believes that certain of said property of said deceased hereinafter mentioned passing by will or some portion thereof, in some instrument therein, is subject to the payment of the tax imposed by chapter 146 of the public laws of 1890 and acts amendatory thereof and additional thereto.

That the names of all the persons who are interested in the succession to said property, and the share of each as stated in schedule A, hereto annexed.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that the actual market value of said property, the persons interested in the same, and the amount of the amount of the tax thereon may be determined by the judge of probate.

Dated this nineteenth day of June, A. D. 1902.

one of the executors of May W. Bowler.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUPPLEMENT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this nineteenth day of June, A. D. 1902.

C. C. NEWBELL,

Justice of the Peace.

SCHEDULE A.

Name. Residence. Share or Interest.

Robert Pendleton Bowler, son of deceased (not subject to tax), New York city, P. O. address Union Club, New York, entire estate of deceased except legacy named below.

Christine Geiger (subject to tax), Nice, France, P. O. address St. Boulevard Gambetta, Nice, France, annuity of \$600 per annum, payable semi-annually.

Charles H. Williamson (subject to tax), Chicago, Ill., P. O. address Apartment No. 1, 28 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., money legacy of \$5,000.

Advertisements.

Have you watched our Store grow? Have you noticed the Improvements?

The soul of the business is seen in this season's increase of store room, stocks and conveniences for customers. This spring finds our old store

A GREATER STORE,

showing a larger spring stock than ever before. Our original store has again out grown the requirements of our stock. To get additional display room we connected the next building. This gives us floor room sufficient to make it the

LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE EAST OF PORTLAND.

The following departments are enlarged:

CARPET, DRAPERY and HOUSE FURNISHING;
READY-MADE, such as CLOAKS, SUITS, WAISTS, COTTON UNDERWEAR;
LACES and WHITE GOODS; SILKS and DRESS GOODS;
HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR.

In our new sales room we are showing a full line of carpetings, matings, oilcloths, lace and muslin curtains, draperies, window shades, rugs, art squares and house furnishings. This is the best arranged show-room in the State, and for convenience cannot be beaten.

We have taken all the ready-made-to-wear for Ladies, Misses and Children to the second floor. A trying-on room is connected with it, which our out-of-town customers will appreciate.

OUR SPRING STOCK of costumes, tailor-made suits, walking and dress skirts is ready. No superior stock anywhere. All alterations made free of charge.

Our spring and summer waists and petticoats have also arrived. In wraps and muslin underwear we are showing better assortments at less price than anyone.

WASH FABRICS in Silk, Cotton and Wool in variety of colors and materials never before equaled.

With our enlarged floor space we are prepared to do a large business. Our patrons will appreciate the convenience, the ease of trading in a modern, up-to-date place. Our prices are all right. No competitor can beat us on prices on the same quality of goods. Hope to see you all.

M. GALLERT.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News, see other pages.

West Sullivan.

Mrs. C. H. Pease is in Bucksport for a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. Fred Hovey recently visited her parents in Columbia.

Misses Edith Hooper and Hala Harvey are visiting friends in South Goudsboro and Winter Harbor.

Winfield S. Workman, of Chicago, formerly of Sullivan Harbor, called on friends here Saturday, while at home on a three days' vacation.

B. Smith accompanied C. H. Leland, of Ellsworth, to Prospect Harbor Saturday where they installed the officers of Schoodic lodge K. of P.

Puritan assembly P. S. will hold its installation July 25. The grand officers will be present, and an invitation is extended to Halcyon assembly, of Prospect Harbor.

East Franklin.

F. E. Blaisdell, who has been employed cutting stone in Waldoboro, is home to see to the haying.

The lecture and sociable at the Methodist church Friday evening were interesting and enjoyable.

Roscoe B. Blaisdell, who has been attending school in Providence, R. I., for the past six months, is home for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood, who have been visiting Mr. Norwood's sister here, returned to their home in Orange, N. J., Monday.

Mrs. Temple, the evangelist from Boston, preached in the Free Baptist church Sunday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Temple is an interesting and earnest speaker. She will occupy the same pulpit next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Advertisements.



"I believe

Your True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters a valuable remedy for bilious headaches or indigestion" so writes Mrs. F. R. McLaughlin of West Sumner, Me.
The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters 35c. a bottle at all stores.

COUNTY NEWS.

For additional County News, see other pages.

Orland.

A large and well-ordered crowd attended the weekly dance at Super's grove last Saturday evening.

George Farnham, of Brewer, who is convalescing after a tedious struggle with typhoid fever, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farnham.

Lawrence Barbour, little son of Mrs. Garland, was quite severely cut on the leg last Monday. Several stitches were required to close the wound.

After being closed two years, the Universalist church was opened last Sunday for public worship. The pulpit was supplied by Rev. Mr. Polk, of Boston, both afternoon and evening. Until further notice there will be services every Sunday at two and seven o'clock.

The subject announced by Rev. Mr. Garland for his last Sunday evening's discourse called out a large crowd of young people. "A Young Woman's Failure" was handled in a powerful and masterly manner, which not only interested but impressed the congregation, as through his pleading they realized that many failures in this life are made by listening to the siren voices of flattery, fashion and worldly pleasures, only to have at last the bitter awakening that all is vanity, and that such a life is failure. While on the other hand a life crowned with success is in the reach of all who will grasp it. The subject for next Sunday evening is "The Young Woman's Success."

Trenton.

Miss Barbara Hopkins is at Bar Harbor for a few days.

Miss Leonie Moore, who has been employed in Ellsworth, has returned home.

Mrs. Melvin McFarland, of Boston, is visiting her parents, Josiah Smith and wife.

Sanford Springer and wife, of Lawrence, Mass., are visiting Mr. Springer's mother, Mrs. Frances Springer.

Bucksport.

Last Wednesday afternoon and evening the hospitable home of Mrs. Susan M. Stubbs was thronged with neighbors and friends who called to pay their respects, the occasion being the ninetieth anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Stubbs' maiden name was Parshley; she was born in Bath July 9, 1812. She is the only survivor of a family of fifteen children. Among the callers was Capt. Ivory Grant, a hale and hearty old gentleman in his eighty-seventh year.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned—for it's hard work to save a dollar.

It matters not what your ancestors were—it is what you are that counts.

ELLSWORTH FALLS.

W. E. Joy is at Hancock Point. Pension has recently been issued to Mary E. Kincaid.

Martin Haynes and family are spending the week at Contention Cove.

Mrs. Charles Doyle is visiting her son, Fred in Orono for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Everard Clough have gone to Bar Harbor for the summer.

Mrs. A. G. Jellison is visiting her mother, Mrs. Haslam, at Waltham.

Mrs. Warren Jordan, of Brewer, is visiting her parents, Charles Lynch and wife.

G. N. McCarty, who has been at home for a week's vacation, has returned to Orono.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown were at Marlboro Sunday, called there by the illness of Mr. Brown's mother, who is visiting there.

There will be a strawberry festival, also an entertainment, sale of food and home-made candies in the vestry to-night. Admission, 15 cents.

Dr. T. S. Tapley, wife and their son Wasson, who have been visiting Mrs. Tapley's parents, A. E. Flood and wife, returned to their home in West Auburn Friday.

Lot owners and all interested in Junior cemetery are requested to meet at the church vestry Thursday evening at 7 o'clock when it is expected that some action will be taken upon the proper management of the cemetery.

A pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Davis last Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Henrietta was married to Harry C. Austin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Adams, of the Congregational church. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. The house was tastefully decorated with plants and cut flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Austin will reside in Ellsworth, where Mr. Austin is in the employ of C. R. Foster. They have the good wishes of a host of friends.

WEST ELLSWORTH.

Frank Meader, wife and sons, of Trenton, were calling on relatives Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Bodge and son Wallace, of Bangor, visited her brother, George M. Barron, last week.

Miss Hattie Hooper, of Melrose, Mass., was the guest of her uncle, L. A. Dollard, for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Meader entertained a party of friends at their home Saturday evening. Ice-cream was served.

Hetty Green at Work.

"At the farthest end of the long narrow room, over in a corner by a window, in the Chemical bank, New York, Hetty Green, 'The Richest Woman in America,' has her desk," writes Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"When the dozens of bookkeepers come and take their places they form a human screen, behind which she is completely hidden. When any one calls to see her—she comes to the brass grating near the assistant cashier's desk and carries on the conversation as if she were a prisoner behind golden bars. She never opens the little door.

"All day long she is in and out of the bank. Sometimes she carries a little satchel in which valuable papers are stored. Frequently she is recognized by one in the long line of depositors. Then there is a whispered word on the part of that one, and a line of heads is turned to watch her until she walks out of the door. But her plain dress and heavy veil serve well their purpose, and it is not often that she is recognized.

"If she has time at noon, she stops in any restaurant convenient to where she is, and hurriedly eats a little. If not, she goes without that little. There is no luncheon in her day until after dark. She is always among the last to leave the bank and among the first to be there of morning."

There are very few people in this world smart enough to know how not to be too smart.

Though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it.

A kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation.

People get so well acquainted with their own faults that they do not mind their existence.

Advertisements.

Are your Kidneys Healthy?

Remember—the Kidneys are the most wonderful organs. Your very life depends upon them. Nine-tenths of all sickness is caused by diseased and neglected kidneys. If healthy they filter all the impurities out of the blood. Rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver disease, bladder troubles, biliousness, headache, blood disease and female weakness are all the result of diseased kidneys.

Do you know Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

is the greatest specific known to medical science for the cure of these diseases or any form of kidney trouble? It has been used for nearly 15 years with unflinching success by physicians in hospitals and sanitariums. If you will send your address to Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., they will send you absolutely free—a trial bottle. Its sale is so large to-day that it can be found at any drug store in the United States.

All druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in the NEW 50 CENT SIZE and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

TREWORGY ON TRIAL.

Continued from page 5.

back to bed. Sounds seemed to come from direction of Miles house.

Saw Treworgy and his daughter go to Miles house the next day—Sunday. On Monday Mrs. Miles told her Sarah was gone; nothing strange. Spoke to her some about sounds three days afterwards.

Mrs. Clara T. Bolin, sister of Mr. Hase, had living with her Viola McGinnis, who told her that she heard cries that night—Sept. 17—coming from direction of Miles' house.

Viola McGinnis testified that she heard strange cries that night; heard them three times, from direction of Miles house.

William Cushing first heard of disappearance Oct. 2. Treworgy told him, and asked him if Sarah was at work for Huldoo; Mrs. Miles wanted him to find out.

Wesley Webster first heard of disappearance Sept. 24, joined searching party; was one of the three who discovered the body; did not recognize it; had seen Sarah wearing clothes like those on body.

Frank Ducott first heard of disappearance October 2; was one of party who discovered body. Talked with Treworgy latter part of summer; Treworgy told him that if they would give him \$25 he would find murderer of Sarah Ware in twenty-four hours. If he had \$200 he could pay off mortgage, but Joe Fogg had hurt his business.

Adjourned.

NOTES.

Cecil Clay is the official stenographer. Miss Raynes, of Bangor, is a special stenographer for defendant's counsel.

Prof. H. C. Emery, of Yale college, son of the presiding justice, was an interested spectator at the opening of the trial.

Rev. C. A. Plumer, chaplain of the State prison at Thomaston, is one of the witnesses. While in the city he is the guest of Rev. J. P. Simonton.

The trial is giving lots of aspiring stenographers a fine opportunity for practice. Among these is Morris W., son of Clerk-of-Courts J. P. Knowlton.

Hancock county attorneys who were present at the opening of court were Messrs. Stuart, King, Crabtree, Giles, Redman, Hurley, Lord and Hall, of Ellsworth, Judge Chase, of Bluehill, and ex-County Attorney J. E. Bunker, Jr.

Much sympathy is expressed for O. F. Fellows, of Bucksport, who just before leaving home for Ellsworth last Monday received a telegram announcing the sudden death of his sister at Bristol, N. H. Her name was Mrs. Susan Jenkins, a widow, aged thirty-five years.

The prisoner sat near his counsel, closely guarded by a deputy sheriff. He was neatly dressed. He was a trifle flushed. He listened with the intensest interest to the preliminary proceedings, and looked unflinchingly into the face of each taleman, when the clerk said: "Prisoner, look upon the witness."

The newspapers represented on the opening day of the trial were the Bangor Commercial, by O. G. Hall and H. E. Rowe; the Bangor Daily News, by Samuel E. Conners; the Lewiston Journal, by Col. Elliott C. Dill; the Boston Herald, by C. H. Hayden. A representative of the Associated Press was present; also a representative of THE ELLSWORTH AMERICAN.

Following is a list of the witnesses for the State now summoned: Mrs. George Atwood, A. F. Bennett, Mrs. Annie Bennett, Mrs. Clara Bolin, Mary Bonney, John Buldock, I. A. Bridges, A. F. Clement, W. M. Cushing, Nancy Cuff, Daniel F. D. v. M., Annie Davis, Frank Ducott, A. C. Friend, Mrs. Eldridge, Dr. George Emerson, D. L. Fleide, Joseph Fogg, Jr., Joseph A. Fogg, Arvilla Fogg, Lillian Fogg, Chas. Fogg, Angelina Fogg, William Grindle, Alexander H. Gray, Capt. John Griffin, John A. Harriman, George W. Harriman, Mrs. Hase, Warren C. Hase, S. L. Haywood, Ralph H. Lord, Jennie Dow, E. C. Doyle, Robert Curtis, George W. Abbott, J. H. Lawrence, Daisy L. Warren, Burke Leach, Jerry Mink, Joseph H. Mink, Viola McInnes, Mrs. Robert Miles, A. W. Moore, Fred J. Partridge, Mrs. Augusta Pierce, I. L. Richardson, Mrs. Ella Robinson, Beale Robinson, Emma Sawyer, Uriah Smith, Thomas Sheehan, Mrs. Thomas Sheehan, Dr. H. E. Suow, Capt. A. K. Subhta, Louis F. Tapley, Dennis Tracy, Wesley Webster, Mrs. Harriet Webster, Charles I. Williams, Annie Watson, Mrs. Arno Crosby, Hon. E. E. Chase, Fred Grant, Mrs. Kate Bailey, Mrs. Frank E. Thompson, Moses Bridges, Mrs. Maud Hall, Lizzie Gray.

Definition of "Fact".

Tact means touch. Sincere means transparent. One may be tactful, that is, quick to feel and respond to the feelings of others, therefore sympathetic and at the same time be above deceit. The habit of saying pleasant things is praiseworthy, and there is not the slightest necessity for their being untrue.

As a rule, the people one meets are good and kind, and there is much opportunity for being nice to them. Look for the best in friends and cultivate the accomplishment of praising it. She who says disagreeable things needlessly, even if they are true, is a social guerilla.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

To Happiness.

It ain't so far to happiness—it's lyin' all around; It twinkles in the dewdrops, brings bloom to barren ground, It sings in all the breezes; it ripples in the rills; It's written on green banners that wave from all the hills.

It ain't so far to happiness; we rob our lives of rest To find it o'er broad oceans as far as east from west; From all the dear home places in sorrow we depart, And dream not that its dwelling-place is ever in the heart.

It ain't so far to happiness; it's shining all along; It's in the lowliest violet, it's in the thrush's song, And hold it—ye that find it, forever to your breast, Till you sleep and dream forever in the roses of God's rest.

—Frank L. Stanton.

MY OTHER SELF

[Original.]

To see oneself in a mirror, an exact counterpart, the same hair, eyes, features—this is nothing. We see it a hundred times a day. But to see oneself independent of reflection, making different movements, going and coming, sitting, standing, while we are still—this is terrible.

I was standing one morning in my office on the tenth floor of a skyscraper looking out of a window. I remember that I had my hands in my pockets. Suddenly I was startled to see another me standing in a window of an opposite building. The figure was up one story higher. He had his hands in his pockets and wore glasses. I also wear glasses. He had his beard trimmed to a point; so had I. His nose was a trifle bent to the left; so is mine. The only thing that was different was the clothing.

My first emotion was surprise, my second terror. I had been under treatment for nervous troubles, but this was several months before. Were my sufferings about to return under a new form? Was this hallucination? I drank back from the window and into a chair. My partner saw that something had affected me and asked what it was. I tried to speak, but could not articulate, so I pointed to the window opposite.

"What is it?" he asked, looking. "I see nothing unusual."

Summoning all my fortitude, I looked again. The figure had disappeared. I explained nothing, but immediately went out. Calling a cab, I directed the driver to take me to my physician. I recounted what had occurred, and after endeavoring to reassure me he gave me a quieting mixture and told me to fix my mind on my business.

It was some time before I dared go to the window again, but after going there several times without seeing my double I made up my mind that I was all right again and was beginning to cease thinking of the matter when one day I walked to the window, and just as I reached it my double reached his own window. Our eyes met. Both started back, I with a wildly beating heart, my counterpart with a look of unutterable surprise. I hastily left the office and the next day was on a steamer bound for Southampton, England.

I remained abroad two years. I would not have returned even then had I not received notice from my attorney that I was needed in the settlement of my father's estate. I had had trouble from the first, for my father and mother had separated when I was but a year old, and this naturally led to complications. I had remained with my father, who, I always understood, had what there was to bequeath. My attorney did not inform me as to the nature of this last complication, only intimating that he needed my presence at once. I sailed for New York and on arrival called at the office of Mr. Hazelton, who had summoned me. That there was something of importance to his mind was evident. He looked me all over as if he had never seen me before, then stood, still looking at me, without saying anything.

"Well, what is it?" I asked impatiently.

"Did you ever hear that your mother left property?" he asked.

"No."

"Or that she had an interest in your father's estate?"

"No. My mother died before my father."

"There is a piece of property which we must sell before settling the estate. It was owned jointly by your father and mother. At any rate, it needs the signature of the heirs of both."

"Very well. Am I not the heir of both?"

"Come here tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. I shall want your signature."

"Explain."

"Tomorrow at 9 o'clock," he repeated and went into his private office.

At the appointed hour I was at Mr. Hazelton's office and was told to wait in an anteroom. Presently the door opened, and I was ushered into the main room. At the same moment a door opposite me opened, and a man advanced into the room I had entered.

Horror of horrors, he was my double! We stood looking at each other like the two Dromios, he in wonder, I in terror.

"Oh, heavens!" I moaned. "It has come back to me!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hazelton, "I need the signature of both of you to a deed. You are twin brothers."

"Twin brothers?" we exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes. When your father and mother separated, your father took one, your mother the other. It was agreed between them that each child should be kept in ignorance of the other."

The relief—the finding of a brother, a twin brother, of whose existence I had been in ignorance—was a delight that can only be understood by experience. It did not require that we should have been brought up together to feel that strong mutual drawing always to be found in children of a single birth. We advanced, embraced and cried simultaneously:

"You are?"

"Max."

"Mark."

I was Max, and he was Mark. No twins ever more clearly resembled each other, and Mr. Hazelton, with a lawyer's instinct, seized a pen and scratched our respective names on our cuffs to preserve the identity of each. My brother on seeing me at my window had been similarly affected as I. Even the pleasure at finding one another has not to this day obliterated from either the horror of encountering a double.

F. A. MITCHELL.

Advertisements.

A NURSE SAYS

Pe-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency.

[READ WHAT WOMEN SAY OF IT.]



MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

Mrs. Kate Taylor, a graduated nurse of prominence, gives her experience with Pe-runa in an open letter. Her position in society and professional standing combine to give special prominence to her utterances.

CHICAGO, ILL., 427 W. Monroe St.—"As far as I have observed Pe-runa is the finest tonic any man or woman can use who is weak from the after-effects of any serious illness.

"I have seen it used in a number of convalescent cases, and have seen several other tonics used, but I found that those who used Pe-runa had the quickest relief.

"Pe-runa seems to restore vitality, increase bodily vigor and renew health and strength in a wonderfully short time."—MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge. Address The Pe-runa Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

Albert Fullerton is at home from Brewer for a while.

Mrs. George Day, who has been ill some time, is better.

Lewis Remick, of Somerville, Mass., is visiting relatives here.

Miss Maggie Matthews is at home from Northeast Harbor for a few days.

There will be an ice-cream sociable at the schoolhouse Saturday evening, July 19.

Will York with his family, of Brooksville, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Clara York.

Leonard Remick, of Boston, spent last week with his mother, Mrs. Cordelia Remick.

Mrs. Minnie Murch and daughter Ora, who have been visiting relatives in Brewer, have arrived home.

Two ladies from Bangor are occupying the Charles Curtis house, recently purchased by Mr. Pierce, of Ellsworth.

LAKEWOOD.

George A. Moore has gone to Trenton to work.

Mrs. Lois Moore is quite ill.

R. H. Garland is working for Mark Frost, Marlville.

Abel and Charles Garland have gone to Bangor for employment.

Mrs. Lillian Orcutt, of Ellsworth, is visiting at George Quinn's.

Mrs. Inez Frost and two children, of Bar Harbor, and her sister, Miss Lura Dunham, of Amherst, called on friends here last week.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. A full dose is returned the money if it fails to cure. W. E. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Advertisements.

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